

# THE GRAPHIC.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 534.—Vol. XXI.

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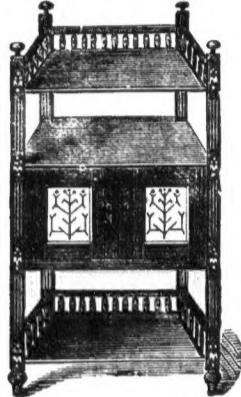
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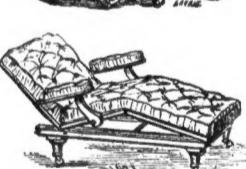


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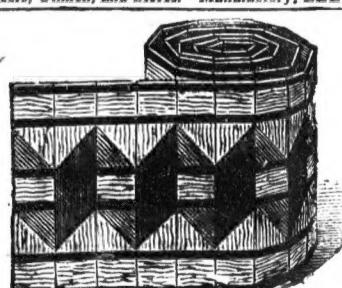
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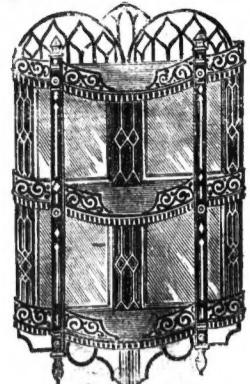
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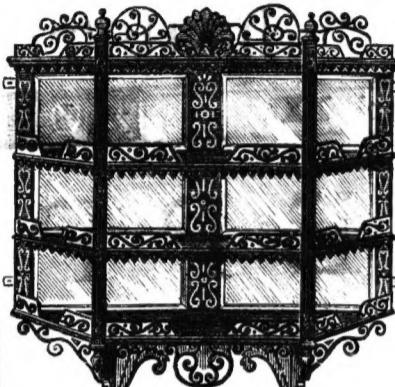
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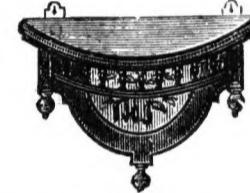
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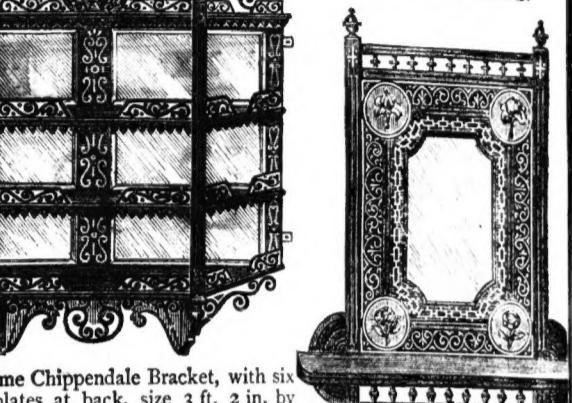
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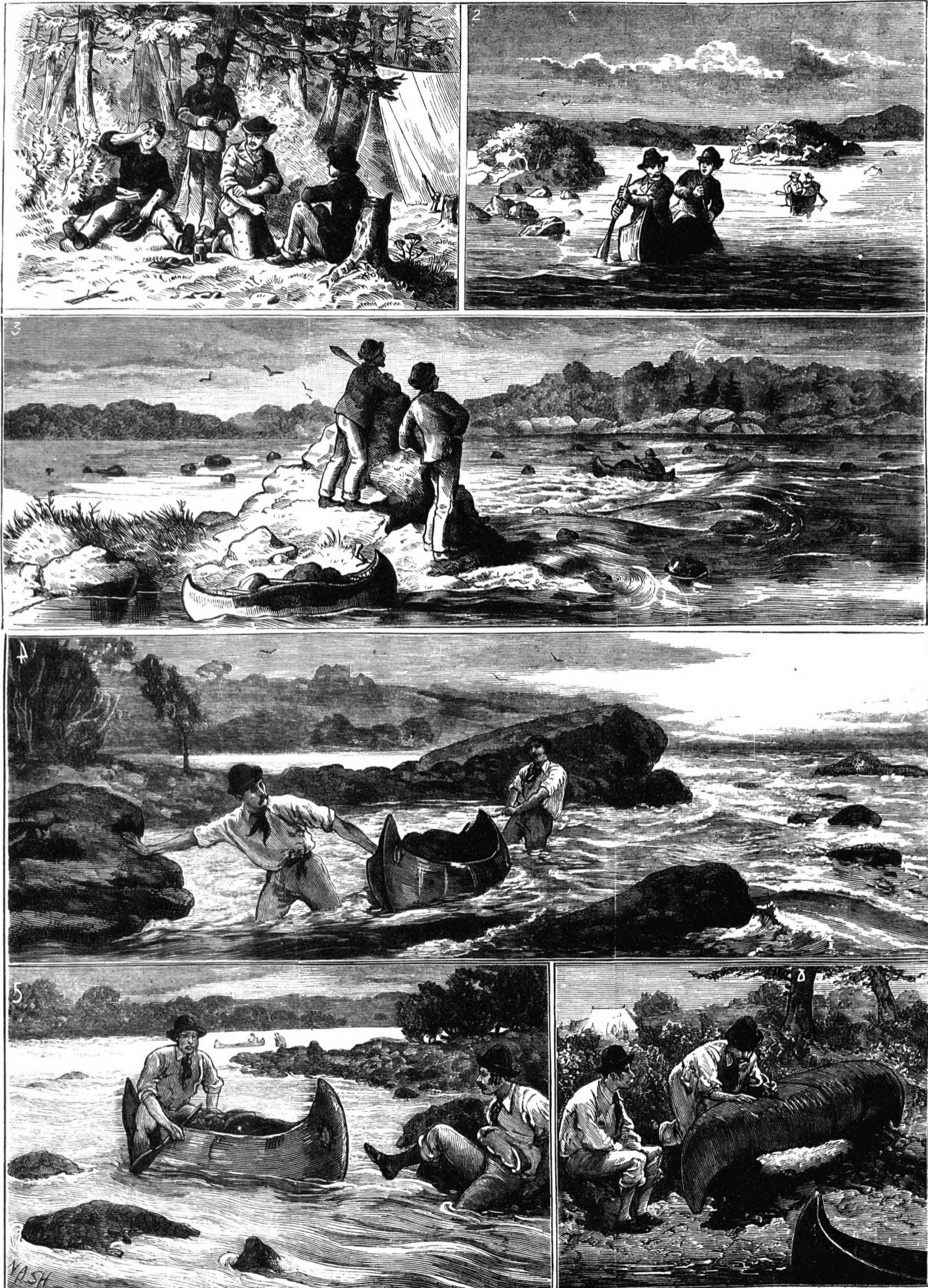
# THE GRAFOMIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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Reg'd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1880

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE  
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1. Protection against the Flies: Tar and Lots of It!—2. Crossing Lake Rossignol.—3. On the Liverpool River: An Anxious Moment.—4. Anything to Avoid Lugging.—5. A Deep Hole: Fend Off.—6. Patching up Canoes.

NASH CANOEING IN NOVA SCOTIA



AT THE WINTER PALACE.—Thrice within ten months there has been an attempt to murder the Czar. The first assault aimed at his own life alone; the second, but for a fortunate accident, would have sacrificed the Czar and his suite; the third, apparently frustrated by a slight miscalculation as to time, would have offered up on the bloody altar of Revolution the whole Imperial family. Though frustrated, however, as regards the Emperor and his guests, a number of soldiers, whom even the Czar's intending murderers would have held to be innocent persons, were massacred or wounded. It is needless to dwell on the exceeding brutality of such actions, of which this last is one of the worst that has ever been perpetrated. Assuredly, the poorest and most miserable man in the Czar's wide dominions has no need to envy the lot of his Imperial master. Of all the varied forms of human wretchedness, there probably is none more terrible than to live in constant dread of assassination. There can rarely have lived a monarch, even in semi-barbarous Asiatic countries, whose head rested more uneasily on his pillow than that of Czar Alexander the Second. His secret foes are literally about his bed, about his path, and spy out all his ways. The Winter Palace was guarded from the outer world by the most rigorous precautions, yet the enemy found means of access. And the feelings of the Czar must be additionally embittered by the knowledge that throughout the whole of his reign he has been conscientiously striving, and in some respects with success, to improve the condition of the people entrusted to his charge. What will be the upshot of this desperate enterprise? Some men in the Emperor's position would resolve to leave a country where they had been so villainously treated, and would prefer to live in comparative obscurity in some more peaceful region. There would be some hope that such horrors would be prevented by the introduction of constitutional reforms, if the discontented persons who either plan or connive at these assassinations had in their own minds any distinct programme of necessary improvement. But, as they appear to be actuated by a mere unreasoning hatred of all authority, it is difficult to see what will content them short of a universal upsetting of social order.

THE FRANCHISE IN IRELAND.—Although the proposed extension of the franchise in Ireland was again rejected on Tuesday by a majority of the House of Commons, there can be little doubt that the battle on behalf of the excluded classes has been virtually won. If expressions of opinion in the Press indicate public feeling, the majority of the English nation do not on this point agree with the majority in the present Parliament. All the old arguments in favour of a restricted suffrage were trotted out by Mr. Lewis, but that gentleman did not seem to see that they have altogether lost their terrors. Hardly anybody is now afraid of that "swamping" of education and property which used to be held forth as the inevitable result of every movement in a democratic direction. It has not been found that the dismal prophecies of Mr. Lowe have been fulfilled. On the contrary, one of the first results of Household Suffrage was that he himself obtained a prominent place in the Government which passed some of the greatest measures of the nineteenth century. So excellent has been the working of the reformed electoral system that in a very short time its principles must inevitably be extended to the counties. What good reason can be alleged for depriving Irishmen of privileges of which our own countrymen make such good use? We all know that there is a vast amount of discontent in Ireland, but it is surely a very antiquated way of treating discontent to insist that it shall not be allowed to express itself in a lawful manner. Possibly one consequence of the change, as Mr. Lewis foretells, would be that the number of Irish Conservative members would be diminished, and that of Home Rulers increased. But this would not be a misfortune if it was a fair representation of Irish opinion. We cannot hope to pacify Ireland unless we permit her to give the fullest expression to her grievances. Household Suffrage in Ireland would give the vote to a class which is poorer than any class that possesses it in England; but there is no evidence that the new electors would on that account be unfit to make a proper application of their rights.

ELECTION PROSPECTS.—Judging from the result of recent contests, if Ministers, as was at one time expected, had decreed a general election this winter, they would not have come so badly out of it. It is now clear to everybody—a fact which we have maintained for months past—that the country generally did not share in the indignation against the policy of the Government which was so freely expressed in the "extra-Parliamentary utterances" of the Opposition speakers. On the contrary, the figures of the Southwark election seem to show, although the defeated party have attempted to prove that exceptional causes were at work, that a large number of electors who usually either do not vote at all, or who give their suffrages to the Liberal candidate, did on this occasion testify their approval of the conduct of Ministers by voting for Mr. Clarke. It is to be hoped, however, that the Conservatives will not "wax fat and kick" over this and

similar victories. They have profited rather by the extraordinary blindness of their adversaries than by their own remarkably good management. The voice of the country, as expressed through the recent elections, demands that in international affairs England should assert her position as one of the chief Powers of the world, instead of remaining in a condition of insular isolation. We do not say that this decision is the proper one. Future generations, aided by events which are now in the womb of Time, may pronounce that Mr. Gladstone was right and Lord Beaconsfield wrong. All we say is that at present the majority of the constituencies appear to agree with Lord Beaconsfield. But great care must be exercised in carrying out the details of this policy. There must be no meddling or muddling, or approval will be speedily transformed into wrath. And, at the forthcoming general election, the Conservatives will go to the polls with better prospect of success, if they can make this a Session of useful work rather than of empty talk. With their majority they ought to be able to put down deliberate obstruction, and the country will honour the men by whom this intolerable nuisance is put down. There is much legislation wanted, of a character altogether unconnected with party politics, and we are loth to believe that, because it is a dying Parliament, the last Session of every Parliament must necessarily be wasted.

ITALIAN POLICY.—If we could take the Speech from the Throne at the opening of the Italian Parliament as an expression of the feeling of the nation, it would be a good omen for the immediate future. It speaks of nothing but peace abroad and progress at home. Unfortunately, however, the Cabinet whose aspirations the Speech expressed is surrounded by powerful enemies; and there is no reason to believe that it has the support of the majority of the Italian people. It is true that for the time the "Italia Irredenta" agitation is not publicly carried on; but, notwithstanding official explanations, it is certain that that agitation had the approval of a very large section of Italian politicians, and that it still appeals to the sympathies of an active and powerful class. Italy does not like to be told that she is the spoiled child of Europe, but there is some justification for calling her so. She is never satisfied, and there is hardly any scheme, however wild, to which she will not listen if it seems to offer a chance of enabling her to add to her territory. For her own sake it is greatly to be regretted that she will not content herself with an energetic domestic policy. It cannot be pretended that there is not plenty of work for her Parliament to undertake. The people are taxed far beyond their means, and much will have to be done before the country can derive half the benefit to which it is entitled from its fine natural resources. Instead of confining her attention to such matters as these, Italy is bent on having a great military and naval force, and on forming alliances which will help her to play a leading part in international politics. After all, if she gained the provinces for which she sighs, would they be worth the enormous price in blood and treasure that would be paid for them? This is certainly open to dispute. It is still more doubtful whether, if she were willing to pay the price, her object could be attained. She would no longer have the moral support of England, and even if she were acting with France or with Russia, or with both combined, Austria backed by Germany would be a more formidable enemy than at any previous period.

NEW ASPECTS OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.—There is a species of prophecy which tends to bring about its own fulfilment. Of such a nature are the vague surmises which are just now current in Constantinople. The Treaty of Berlin settled something of the Eastern Question, but by no means everything. This partial failure was due—not so much to the clumsy management of our Government, whose influence in this respect has been absurdly overrated by Opposition orators—as to gigantic external forces quite beyond the control of British statesmen. Turkey is discontented at her loss of territory, and is apparently as unwilling or as unable to reform her institutions as she ever was. Russia is discontented because she did not reap a more substantial reward in exchange for her hard-won victories. These elements of disturbance, however, if they stood alone, might in time be expected to subside. But unfortunately they do not stand alone. The disappointment felt by Russians when the coveted prize, which seemed just within their grasp, was taken from them, is complicated by a wide-spread detestation of their own system of Government. Then between the results of the Franco-German War and the results of the Russo-Turkish War, there is a connecting link which threatens future mischief. Who seized Alsace and Lorraine? Germany. Who kept Russia out of Constantinople? Germany, Austria, and England. The natural inference, according to the *guidelines* of Constantinople, is that Russia, aided by her old enemy, Turkey, who is weary of England's professed friendship, should unite with France, and fall upon Emperor William's newly-constructed Empire. The fray would speedily become general. Austria would, of course, stand by Germany, while Italy, with the view of obtaining some of her "unredeemed" territory, would side with Russia. England would find it hard to remain neutral, and would in all probability take the Teutonic side, becoming before long embroiled with the United States over some right of search or privateering difficulty. Such is the

cheerful prospect conjured up by the seers of the Bosphorus, and which is also set forth in a "Battle of Dorking" pamphlet just published at Berlin. In the interests of humanity it is sincerely to be hoped that these forecasts, which imply rivers of bloodshedding, may be falsified. At the same time the mere fact of their utterance indicates an uneasiness which, as before observed, may cause them to be translated into realities.

VITUPERATION IN POLITICS.—Some years ago there were few things on which Englishmen prided themselves so much as the improvement in their methods of carrying on political warfare. We were all rather too fond of returning thanks that in such matters we were not as these French; sometimes, also, a public speaker would contrast the mildness of tone adopted by opponents towards each other with the strong language which was in favour among our forefathers. Nobody would think of congratulating the nation in this way now. Within the last few years the bitterness of party politicians has become so intense as to excite the astonishment of foreign observers. A writer in a prominent Berlin journal the other day declared that on reading the reports of several of our meetings he easily understood how the duel had gone out of fashion among us. If, he said, politicians in a Continental country addressed one another in such terms as were in common use in England, there would be two or three duels every morning. Curiously enough, it is "the party of enlightenment" which has chiefly distinguished itself in this ignoble strife. The Tories have not, indeed, been backward to follow the example which has been set them; but in variety and vigour their abuse has fallen considerably short of that of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Bright. If we go lower down the scale, and take the speeches of such men as Mr. Stansfeld and Professor Thorold Rogers, we find denunciation which could hardly be surpassed in vehemence. It is strange that men of talent should use so freely this sort of weapon, for, after all, any dull blockhead can call people who do not agree with him criminals and liars. Such words as these indicate either that the orator is conscious of the feebleness of his cause or that he has a profound and cynical contempt for the understanding of the persons whom he addresses. There are, we think, signs that Liberal politicians are beginning to be a little ashamed of the heat of their language. The Liverpool and Southwark elections appear to have suggested to some of them that the policy they attack is not so monstrous as they have supposed, and that in any case sensible men are more likely to be moved by argument than by "sound and fury."

CHEMISTS' CHARGES.—This is an age of innumerable wants, and just because people require, or fancy they require, so many things, they strive to get everything as cheaply as possible. The good old rule of "Live and let live" is disregarded, and lowness of price rather than excellence of quality is the chief point insisted on in making a purchase. The assault which has been recently made on the alleged exorbitancy of chemists' charges is not now made for the first time, nor do we say that it is altogether without justification. The "Stores," inasmuch as they require ready-money payments, have rendered customers very wide-awake to the price of goods. The kind of people who formerly paid half-yearly or yearly bills without scrutinising the items, cannot help doing so at the Stores, where they buy with the money in their hand. And it comes like a revelation on a man to find that he can get some drug at the Stores for about one-fourth of the price charged by the chemist for it. Now in the case of a preparation of which the chemist is merely a retailer, and which can be bought elsewhere of precisely the same quality, he is clearly in the wrong in charging so much, and he will have to revise his tariff or lose a good deal of his business. But this example does not apply to the making-up of prescriptions, or, indeed, to the greater portion of the chemist's commodities. With regard to most of them, he is rather in the position of the painter who, when he produces a picture, expects something more than a percentage on the cost of the colours and canvas. He expects to be paid for his skill. And this is the case with the chemist. He has to undergo a rather costly preliminary training, and he deals with dangerous materials which, if inaccurately mingled, instead of doing good, may injure or kill. We do not insist on the value of the advice which he gives, especially to his poorer customers, because this is a topic on which regular practitioners are apt to feel rather sore, but we have said enough to show that the chemist is something more than a mere retailer of commodities, and deserves extra remuneration accordingly. If he is really getting too well paid, in these days of fierce competition he will soon be found out, and compelled to lower his demands.

UNJUST IMPRISONMENT.—The case of the little boy at Ipswich who, when asked to cross-examine a policeman who had given evidence against him, asked with charming simplicity, "How is my mother?" has called attention once more to the practical injustice of detaining in prison innocent persons who are awaiting trial. This unfortunate boy had been charged with setting fire to a stack of barley. He was acquitted, but meanwhile he had spent two months in gaol. It is difficult to conceive anything more unjust, and if any officials are directly to blame for so great a wrong they have something to be thoroughly ashamed of for the rest of their lives. There is no reason why children accused of crime

(unless the offence is homicide) should be detained for trial, as magistrates are empowered to dispose at once of any charge that may be made against them. Adults accused of the offence of which the Ipswich boy was acquitted may, however, be imprisoned for a long time before they have an opportunity of proving their innocence. Surely this is a grievance which ought without delay to be removed. A man who is wrongfully imprisoned has not only reason to complain of his detention; the chances are that he will never be able to resume his former position. He becomes to many of his neighbours an object of vague suspicion, and unless he be a man of unusually strong mind his sufferings will tend to make him bitter and cynical. The remedy is to extend the jurisdiction of Quarter Sessions, and there seems to be no reason, except a foolish reverence for routine, why the extension has not already been made. If by any chance a man of high position were accused of arson, there would be no delay in executing so necessary a reform.

**MOCK AUCTIONS.**—Surely the police, who are so sharp in looking after costermongers, or those poor persevering creatures who sell marvellous pennyworths at the edge of the kerb-stone, might manage to nip in the bud, as soon as they are started, those public nuisances called "mock-auctions." From the very nature of the case, there is no privacy about a mock-auction. It always takes place in a well-frequented thoroughfare, and if the detective police were to take the trouble to enter they would probably see several well-known faces. There is a regular dramatic company attached to these enterprises. Besides the auctioneer and his clerks and a tout at the door, there is a permanent audience composed of confederates. There are "crabs" and "jollies" in the slang of the craft, the former, like Stock Exchange "bears," run everything down; the latter, like Stock Exchange "bulls," run everything up. When the company is assembled on the stage the play begins, but all is mere formality until an eligible victim enters. The truly eligible victim is usually elderly, of the female persuasion, and addicted to buying bargains. If she can be induced to bid, richly-plated candlesticks and pictures in gorgeous frames are knocked down to her at apparently fabulously low prices. It is not until she gets them home and has paid for them that she discovers they are worthless "duffers," like the proverbial razors, "made to sell." Sometimes, however, as in a case now before the Marylebone magistrates, the lady-victim is scarcely a voluntary agent, but having unwittingly stepped into this den of iniquity is partly cajoled and partly bullied into giving good money in exchange for rubbish.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING FIELD—"THE FINISH," drawn by J. CHARLTON.—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 196 and 205.



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## CANOEOING IN NOVA SCOTIA

A CANOEING expedition through the heart of Nova Scotia, a land abounding with lakes and rivers, and as yet but imperfectly surveyed, has to the adventurous spirit its peculiar charms.

Starting by rail from Halifax with two companions, canoes, and all the needful kit, a few hours' journey landed us at Annapolis, a town situated on the Bay of Fundy. Here we engaged the services of Peter Gload, our Indian guide, and procured a team to convey our birch-bark canoes a distance of fifteen miles to Fairy Lake, the head waters of the Liverpool River. The canoes launched, the camping-kit, tent, gun, rods, and provisions were evenly distributed and packed, care having previously been taken to reduce our load to a minimum, in case we should have to make any "portages." From lake to lake our route lay through narrow channels, or "runs," the openings often completely hidden by overhanging trees, and only discovered after diligent search.

Paddling leisurely along, stopping occasionally to rest and cook, or to fill our basket with beautiful trout, and camping towards evening when we reached some convenient spot, we at length struck Lake Rossignol, a broad expanse of water, twenty miles in length, and dotted with innumerable islands.

To cross this lake the services of an experienced guide are indispensable, as the surrounding landmarks in the woods are constantly obliterated by the summer fires. And once fairly among the islands the stranger is easily bewildered. Two days after crossing Lake Rossignol we struck the Liverpool River at Indian Gardens, and here our troubles commenced in earnest. The river, rapid at all times, was unusually low; rocks on every side protruded from the broken surface, and here and there, in huge masses, firmly wedged together, lay drifts of timber logs, the result of the lumberers' winter hewing.

The steering of a canoe under these circumstances became a matter of skill. The leading barque was navigated by the Indian, the other canoe following as near as possible in his wake. On nearing a formidable rapid, a halt was generally made for the purpose of reconnoitring. Sometimes to avoid a dangerous fall a "portage" had to be made and everything carried on our backs, but "lugging," as the Indian termed it, not being a favourite occupation, the verdict in nine cases out of ten was in favour of running the rapid, and chancing the risk. Often the Indian would prefer single-handed to guide his canoe through the turbulent waters, and leaving us on the bank in the greatest suspense as to his safety—and that of the provisions.

At other times the bow-man would crouch as low as possible, ready with his paddle to fend off treacherously half-sunken rocks,

while the man in the stern would have to check the pace of the canoe, steer, and keep her straight. In places the water was so shallow and the rocks so numerous, that the simplest and safest plan, and one involving the least labour, was to wade, and to let the canoe float down slowly, keeping a firm hold of the painter; and so, after a journey of over a hundred miles, Liverpool was reached—clothes and canoes somewhat the worse for wear, and the return trip to Halifax made by steamer.

The terrible drawback to one's enjoyment in an expedition of this sort are the flies, which in the early summer swarm in all Canadian forests. The Indians' theory: "If you kill one, thousands come to his funeral," I have found to be perfectly true. The only good remedy is a mixture of tar and oil, with which the face, neck, and hands must be liberally smeared.—The foregoing details, and the sketches from which our engravings are taken, are by Mr. J. C. Barker, Lieut. R.E.

## THE "GRANTULLY CASTLE"

ON account of the great development of their South African trade Messrs. Donald Currie and Co. have recently transferred their ships from the South West India Dock Basin to the East India Dock Basin, where greater dock space and depth of water is obtained, and their new Royal Mail steamship, *Grantully Castle* (the first vessel to load under the new arrangements), being just completed, the "double event," as sporting men say, was celebrated on Friday last by a luncheon, given on board to Cape merchants, shippers, and others interested in South Africa, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, M.P., being one of the principal guests, and the proposer of the toast, "Prosperity to South Africa." The *Grantully Castle* is a sister ship to the *Kinfauns Castle*, which left England on her first voyage on the 20th ult. She was built by Messrs. Barclay, Curle, and Co., Glasgow, and has a gross tonnage of 3,489 tons. Her length is 360 feet, breadth 43 feet, depth 32 feet 6 inches; her horse-power being 2,100. She has accommodation for 120 first-class passengers, 100 second-class, and 160 third-class. The saloon extends across the whole width of the ship, and there is also a ladies' saloon and a spacious promenade. Everything is fitted up and furnished in a style adapted to ensure comfort and even luxury to the passengers. The *Grantully Castle* has been especially adapted for the Cape mail and passenger service. She is divided into watertight compartments, with sliding doors in the bulkheads, has large coal-carrying capacity, and is so planned that in the event of a war breaking out with any Power having designs upon British commerce she could at once be transformed into a cruiser and carry ten heavy guns.

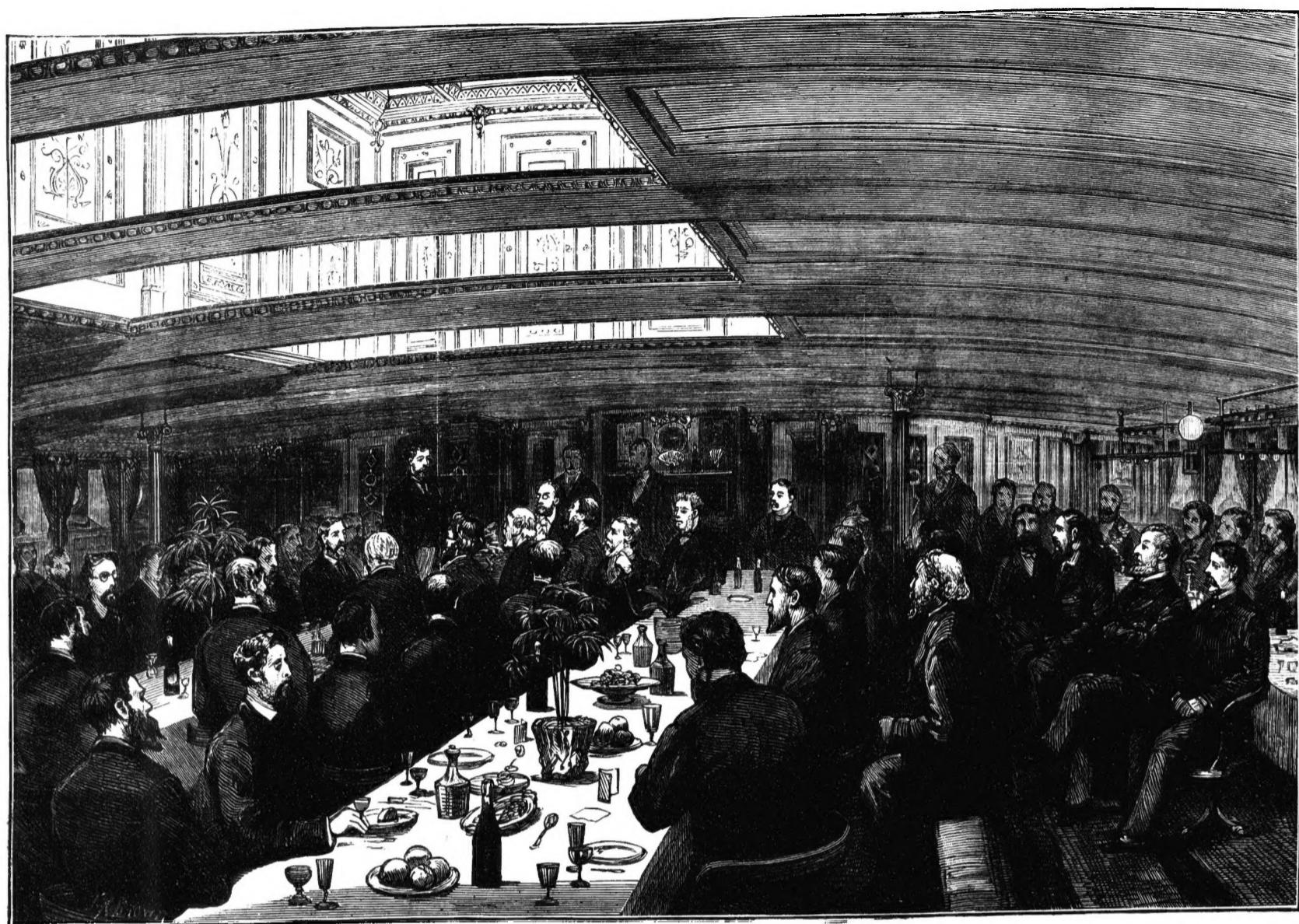
## SEKUKUNI ENTERING PRETORIA

IT will be remembered that the chief surrendered in a cave in the Lulu Mountains near his stronghold, on the 2nd December, to Major Clarke, R.A., who had been employed as a Special Commissioner to conduct the negotiations before the war. Sekukuni, who was then in a starving, almost prostrate, condition in the cave, the entrances of which were guarded by troops, on learning of Major Clarke's arrival, sent him a message expressing his confidence in the Commissioner that no harm would be done him. After the surrender the chief travelled by mule wagon, under an escort composed of the Border Horse and a detachment of the 80th Regiment, some 240 miles through the wild Bush country intervening between the Lulu Mountains and Pretoria, where he arrived on the afternoon of the 2th December, every precaution being taken during the journey to prevent the possibility of escape. Some miles outside the town he was met by a squadron of the King's Dragoon Guards, under Captain Willan, who escorted him into Pretoria. The inhabitants turned out *en masse* to witness the arrival of the chieftain who had been the devastator of the country for years; the coloured portion of the population cheered, or rather hooted the unhappy prisoner vociferously. In the wagon with Sekukuni were his family and two faithful adherents of his personal staff.

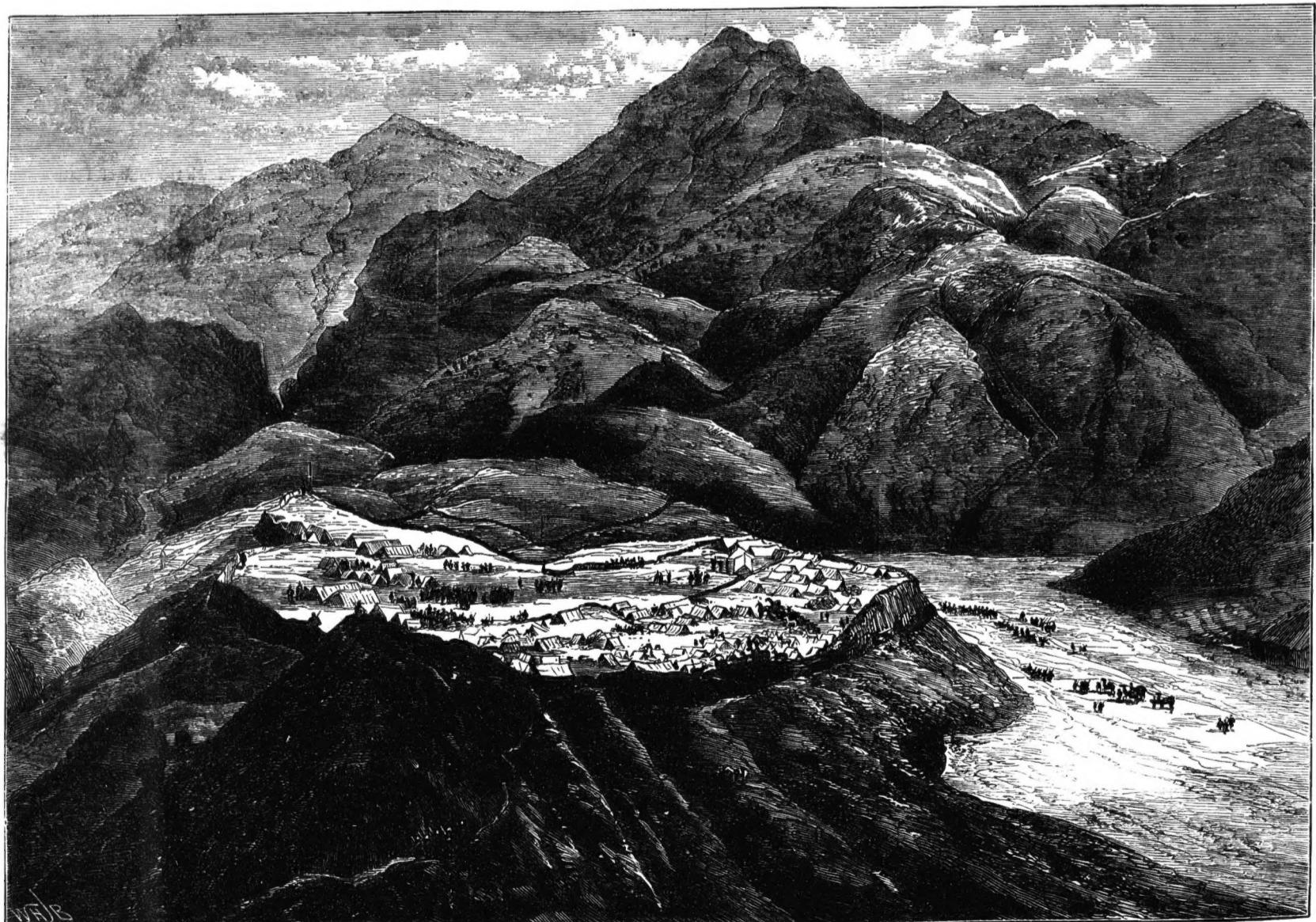
## THE PROPOSED BRIDGE OVER THE FORTH.

THE fall of the Tay Bridge, with its terrible consequences, has caused additional interest to be taken in the scheme for spanning the river Forth by similar means, especially as the designs for both structures are the work of the same engineer, Sir Thomas Bouch. The line which will lead to the Forth Bridge will branch off the main line between Edinburgh and Glasgow, at Ratho, about eight miles west from Edinburgh, and reach the Firth of Forth a little to the east of South Queensferry.

The bridge, which will be about 7,400 feet from shore to shore, is to be constructed throughout for a double line of rails. Proceeding from the south bank with a gentle curve over eleven spans as an ordinary double line, the lines of rails then diverge till they reach the first great tower, called the Queensferry Tower, whence they run straight and parallel, at 100 feet apart, over the two great spans (1,600 feet each), supported midway on the two immense central towers, on the Island of Inch Garvie, till they reach the north of Fife Tower. They will gradually converge, and, regaining the form of an ordinary double line, so continue to the Fife shore at North Queensferry. The two branches, which form the central portion of the bridge, are to be firmly bound together by a system of horizontal braces, so as to ensure the utmost possible rigidity, and thus afford immense resistance to the lateral pressure of violent winds. The piers will be formed by sinking huge rings of iron and brick through the soft strata at the bottom, and then filling up the interior with concrete. Two massive piers are to be constructed on the shore side of the north and south towers to afford firm anchorage for the suspension chains which are to support the central section. The links of these chains will be composed of plates of high-class steel, varying from 50 feet to 68 feet in length, and having a width of 18 inches and a thickness of 1/4 inches, while the link next each tower will be 100 feet, in two pieces joined in the centre. Upwards of 8,000 tons of steel will be used in their formation. Secured at each end to the massive anchor piers, four of these immense chains (two for each branch of the double bridge) will be passed over the tops of the great towers, where they will rest on iron saddles,



THE NEW ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP "GRANTULLY CASTLE"—THE INAUGURAL LUNCHEON IN THE SALOON

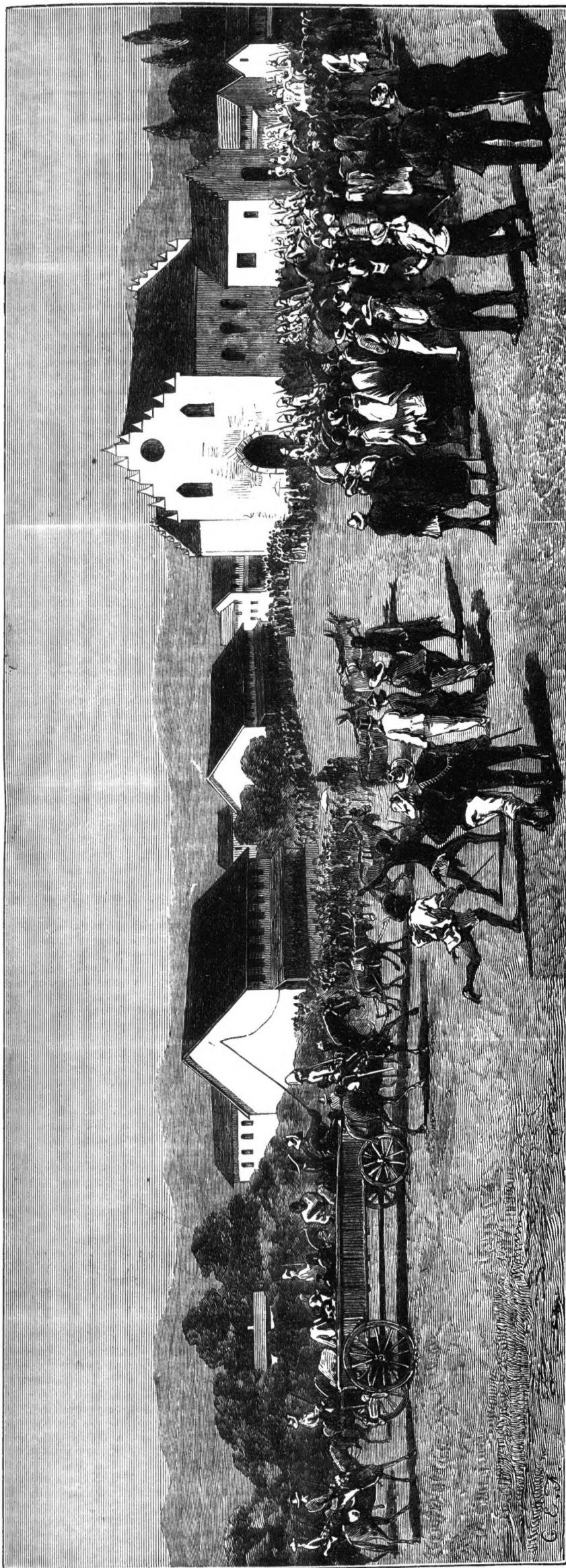


THE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN—JUGDULLUCK FORT, SCENE OF THE RECENT GHILZAI RAIDS

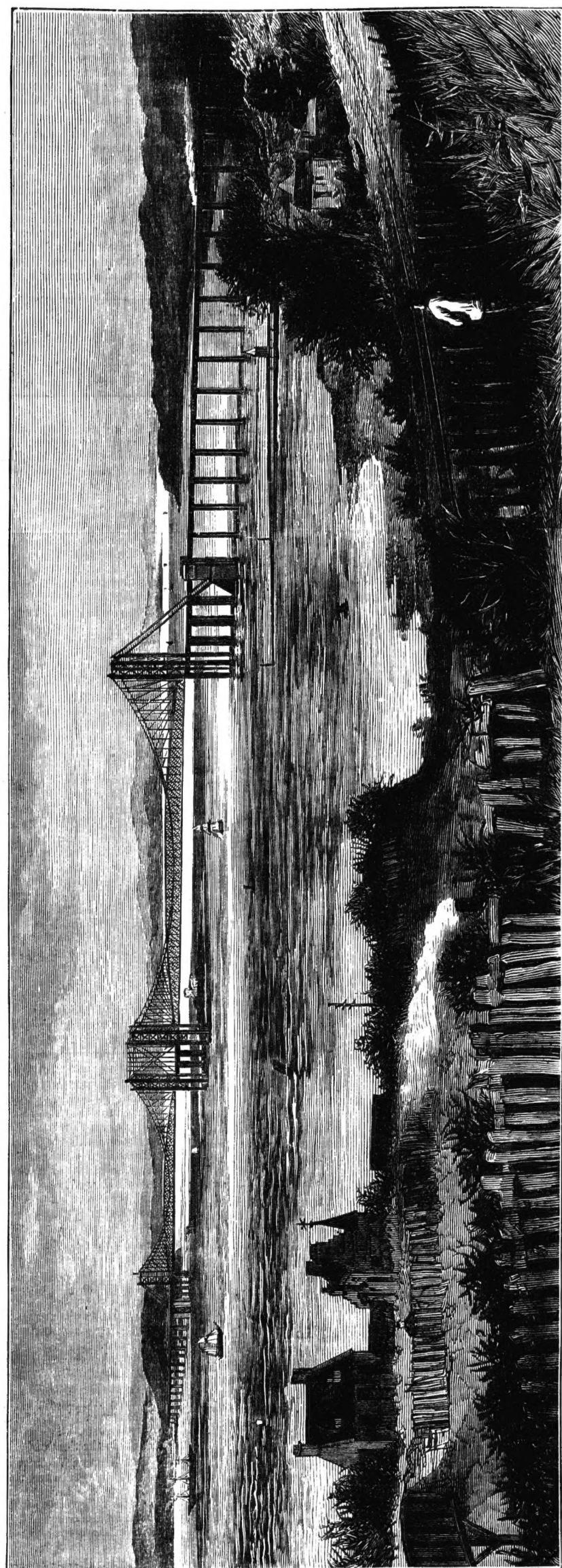
King's Dragoon Guards

Old Dutch Church

Sekukuni



SOUTH AFRICA—THE CAPTIVE CHIEF SEKUKUNI ENTERING CHURCH SQUARE, PRETORIA



THE PROPOSED BRIDGE OVER THE FORTH

attired in that economical material. The fancy dresses were of the most varied character, historical personages of all countries and periods being represented. There were Turks, cavaliers, Britanniæ, harlequins, nuns, huntsmen, fishwives, Highlanders, Irishmen, Russians, Louis Quatorze courtiers, Elizabethan maids of honour, pages, soldiers, sailors, &c. For the very little folks a Punch and Judy show and feats of mystery and magic were provided; while several members of the Mohawk Minstrel troupe sang, danced, and furnished characteristic impersonations, as shown in our picture.

#### THE LAKE OF ZURICH

THE weather in Switzerland has been so intensely severe this winter that numerous lakes have been completely frozen over, and amongst them the Lake of Zurich—for the fourth time this century, and the twenty-fourth time since 1233. Consequently holiday-makers have resorted thither in large numbers, and the lake has presented a scene of the greatest animation, half the population being on the banks and the ice gay with the brilliantly-decorated tents of wine-sellers and improvised restaurants. A correspondent, writing to *The Times* on Tuesday, states that on Sunday week it is estimated that no fewer than 50,000 pleasure-seekers were upon the ice, and from 20,000 to 30,000 at one time, excursion trains bringing in troops of visitors from the neighbouring towns and hamlets. One gentleman of Zurich drove across the lake on a sledge drawn by four horses, accompanied by two outriders; "but the ice resented what it doubtless regarded as an impertinence by ominous groanings and crackings." No accident, however, is reported to have happened. To commemorate the Ice Jubilee a special journal entitled *Zürichsee Eiszeitung* was published.—Our illustration is from a sketch kindly forwarded by Messrs. Orell, Füssli, and Co., of Zurich.

#### RUINS OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN

THE burning of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, which we briefly reported last week, took place on the Monday, the fire breaking out whilst the house was being lighted up for a special performance of the pantomime in aid of the Irish Distress Fund. The catastrophe is attributed to different causes: an escape of gas, the carelessness of a workman in fixing up some curtains by the light of a naked candle, and the "larking" of the boy who was sent to light the gas, but nothing seems to be certainly known, and the true nature of its origin will probably remain a mystery. However caused, the fire spread with fearful rapidity, notwithstanding the efforts of the fire brigade and some soldiers from the barracks, and in about an hour the building was a mass of ruins, though it continued to blaze throughout the whole night. It was at first feared that some six or eight persons had been burnt to death, but it has since been ascertained that the only life lost was that of Mr. Egerton, the manager, who was seen by one of the company to stumble from the stage into the orchestra while bravely endeavouring to extinguish the flames. Several persons had marvellously narrow escapes and sustained serious injuries. The building itself was almost completely destroyed, the only portion uninjured being the corner in which the offices of the manager, and the proprietor, Mr. Michael Gunn, are situated. The theatre and properties were insured for 18,000*l.*, but that sum will be far short of the entire loss. The conflagration attracted a huge crowd of spectators, some of whom seem to have behaved in very unsympathetic and boisterous fashion. The Theatre Royal was built in 1820, and completed in sixty-five days, relays of workmen being engaged night and day, in order that it might be opened during the visit of King George IV. It was about the size of Drury Lane, and though somewhat unsightly outwardly, was well adapted for its purpose, the interior being in the form of a lyre, with two tiers of boxes, two galleries, a capacious pit, and a large stage. The Lord Lieutenant, who twice visited the scene while the fire was still raging, has sent a letter of sympathy to Mr. Gunn, and expressed his willingness to subscribe to the fund which will doubtless be raised for the benefit of the families of Mr. Egerton and others. Mr. Egerton and his family have been visited by a series of fatalities. His first wife lost her life by the burning of a theatre in Birmingham, and his mother was lessee of a theatre in Glasgow which was destroyed by fire. He was one of the passengers who crossed the Tay Bridge by the last train which went over it in safety.—Our engraving is from a sketch taken two days after the fire by Mr. E. Trevor Owen.

#### THE AFGHAN WAR

THERE is no news of any importance this week. The extremely severe weather at Cabul has been the only troublesome enemy, the snow lying thick upon the ground. The alleged gathering at Ghazni seems to be suspended for the present, the two leaders, Mollah Mooshk-i-Alim and Mahomed Jan, having quarrelled. The only active military movements have been those of General Bright in the Lughnan Valley, where hitherto he has encountered no opposition. The chiefs are fast giving in their allegiance, and Azmatullah and three or four Ghilzai Khans are the only leaders of note who remain obdurate. In the mean time active preparations are being made on our part for the spring campaign, should one be needed. Thus the arrangements for putting the Bombay division into the field are progressing rapidly and satisfactorily, while General Arbutnott's brigade was expected to be fully equipped and ready to advance by the 18th inst.

The *Pioneer* states that the correspondence between Shere Ali and Russia discovered at Cabul contains a complete scheme for the invasion of Northern India, Russia undertaking to assist the Afghans in the task, and on its successful completion to make over to Shere Ali the territory up to and including Lahore, together with all loot of the campaign.

#### TRYING TO SAVE THE GUNS

GENERAL MASSY's action in the Chardeh Valley on December 11, which resulted in the ultimate retreat of our forces to the Sherpur cantonments, and the temporary re-occupation of Cabul by the Afghans, is justly looked upon as one of the most important events of the campaign. It may be remembered that on December 9 General Roberts despatched Brigadier-Generals Baker and Macpherson by different routes to attack Mahomed Jan at Ghazni. General Macpherson, however, on his way was delayed by an encounter with a body of the enemy, after which, on December 11, it was decided that his force should be divided into two parts, he himself taking the infantry, while Brigadier-General Massy proceeded by a valley route with the cavalry and artillery, in order to drive the enemy back upon General Baker. On his road Massy came upon some villages occupied by the enemy and opened fire upon them, but the Afghans fought so well, and advanced in large numbers with such regularity, that Massy decided to fall back upon Macpherson. The enemy seeing this, attempted to envelope his flank, and the artillery were compelled to halt and open fire, while the cavalry, consisting of the 9th Lancers and 14th Bengal Lancers, charged over and over again to cover the retreat. Ultimately, owing to the roughness of the ground, which was intersected with watercourses, the guns got into difficulties, and although the cavalry again charged, the gunners were compelled to unhitch the traces and leave four of the pieces to the enemy. Then the cavalry, under Captain Neville, again distinguished themselves by repeatedly charging the enemy, covering the retreat with great steadiness, but being unable to save the guns from capture. They were retaken, however, later in the day by Colonel Macgregor with a detachment of the 9th Lancers, and were safely lodged in Sherpur

during the evening.—Our illustration, which represents one of the cavalry charges, is from a sketch by Lieutenant E. A. Smith, R.A.

#### JUGDULLUK FORT

THIS little stronghold, which lies on the direct road between Gundamuck and Cabul, is situated on a hill, and is some 5,000 feet above the sea level. It is said to be the same spot—"some ruined walls by the roadside"—where the remnant of the retreating army in 1842 made their last stand, and whence, cut off from water and decimated by the fire of the enemy on the neighbouring heights, they were compelled to fly to Surkh-ab, and were massacred. In the present campaign the fort has been repeatedly attacked by the Ghilzais, under Azmatullah Khan, who took advantage of General Roberts' isolation at Sherpur to attempt to capture the position. Colonel Norman, however, who was in command of the garrison, drove back the enemy with great loss; and after a final action on December 29th, Azmatullah gave up the task.—Our illustration is from a sketch by Private Ayling, 6th Dragoon Guards.

NOTE.—In our issue of Feb. 7 (No. 532), we omitted to acknowledge the name of Brigade-Major J. Cook in connection with the engraving of Yakoob's journey to India, for which he furnished the sketch, used in conjunction with that of Capt. Porter.—Many of the engravings in our Sydney Supplement last week are from photographs by Mr. J. Paine, Sydney, and published by Mr. J. R. Clarke, 67, Pitt Street, Sydney.—Last week, in our article on "The Cambridge Mathematical Tripos," dealing with the successes of lady students at Cambridge, we inadvertently omitted the name of Miss Jessie S. Gills, of Girton College, who at last year's Mathematical Tripos came out Senior Optime, being the first woman who has ever attained that position.



POLITICAL AFFAIRS.—Lord Beaconsfield has declined to receive the deputation of ladies appointed at the recent great meeting at Manchester, to present him with a memorial on the subject of Female Suffrage. He has, however, promised that any written communication from them shall receive his attention.—The violent opposition of the Ultra-Liberals to the foreign policy of the Government is beginning to have an effect which all moderate men must have anticipated. Mr. Cowen's practical secession from the party has been followed by that of Mr. G. Clive, the Liberal member for Hereford, who in an address to his constituents declares that he does not believe in the aggressive designs imputed to the Government, and has no sympathy with the violent invective and monstrous exaggeration put forward in some recent speeches. There is, in his opinion, no foundation whatever for the statement attributed to Mr. Gladstone, "that strife and bloodshed have been wantonly provoked." The recent attempt at Liverpool to secure the Irish vote by concessions to the Home Rulers he regards as the most objectionable thing which has ever occurred in the annals of party in this country.—It is announced, too, that Sir David Salomons has changed his political views, and has resigned his membership of the Reform and City Liberal Clubs.—The Liberals, though defeated at Southwark, as recorded in another column, have been successful at Barnstaple, where Lord Lymington polled 817 against Sir Robert Carden's 721. We shall shortly publish a portrait of the new member.—The death of Dr. O'Leary, the Home Rule member for Drogheada, has created another Parliamentary vacancy, for which it is said Mr. Whitworth, M.P. for Kilkenny, will stand. For the latter place, should Mr. Whitworth carry out his intention, there will be something like a contest, the names of no fewer than seven candidates being already announced.—"The Midlothian fagot war continues to be waged," says *The Times*, "with unabated energy, but the Conservatives are showing themselves to be the bolder, if also the more reckless, combatants." The number of fictitious voters recorded by them before the end of January was 260, and if these pass the ordeal of the Registration Court the total number after November next will probably reach 456. The Liberal fagots created at Edinburgh are, however, said very nearly to equal the latest Conservative batch, so that the relative strength of parties in the county is not likely to be much affected.

THE LORD LAWRENCE MEMORIAL.—On Friday, at an influential meeting held at the Mansion House under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, it was resolved to open a public subscription for the erection of a memorial to the late Lord Lawrence, as "a statesman of whom England is proud." Lord Derby, in moving the resolution, sketched the career of Lord Lawrence in India, and eulogised his public and private character; and the resolution was seconded by Dean Stanley.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.—The various Relief Funds continue to increase daily. The total sum from all sources now amounts to about 150,000*l.*, which, however, is not nearly half what will be needed for the effectual relief of the sufferers. The astonishing statement that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts was about to devote half-a-million of money to the relief of Irish distress seems to have been the result of a clerical error. The Baroness had already distributed 450*l.*, and has now engaged to contribute 500*l.* towards the formation of a harbour at Sligo. The addition of three noughts converted the 500*l.* into half-a-million.

FENIANISM AT MANCHESTER.—On Monday, at a meeting of the Separatist Brethren of the Manchester and Salford sections of the Fenian Brotherhood it was resolved to present a memorial to the Bishop of Salford, stating that the Society unconditionally submitted themselves to the authority and teaching of the Church. The memorial described the recent visit of the American delegates as having for its object the amalgamation between Irish and American Fenians, by which the seeds of revolution, anarchy, and rebellion were sown.

THE ASSOCIATED CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE commenced their annual meetings on Tuesday at the Westminster Palace Hotel, representatives attending from the principal towns in the kingdom. Mr. John Whitworth, M.P., was chosen president, in the room of Mr. Sampson Lloyd, M.P., who retires after holding the office for eighteen years. The autumnal meetings of the Association are to be held in the South of Scotland.

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER REVIEW is to be resuscitated this year, the Brighton Railway Company having agreed to carry officers, men, and horses at reduced rates, and the field-pieces without any charge. The War Office authorities have sanctioned the project, and the site chosen for the operations is the Downs, near Brighton. Most of the metropolitan corps and many of the provincial are expected to take part in the sham fight.

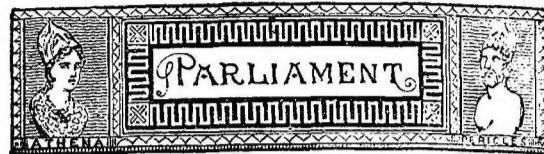
DR. W. B. RICHARDSON has, so says the *World*, at last decided what to do with the wines left to him by the late Sir C. Trevelyan, so that the terms of the bequest may be complied with. He will have them all submitted to chemical analysis, with the view of determining the nature of the principle which gives to each its particular flavour.

ANOTHER THEATRE BURNT.—On Sunday the Theatre Royal, Huddersfield, was completely destroyed by a fire, the cause of which is unknown. No lives were lost; but a policeman, who had ventured on the stage with a water-jet attached to the fire-engine,

fell through a hole, and broke his leg. The damage, estimated at 2,000*l.*, is mainly covered by insurance.

STORMS AND FLOODS were reported from nearly all parts of the kingdom on Sunday and Monday last, and several fatal shipping disasters have occurred.

THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The memorial against the admission of the statue of the late Prince Louis Napoleon to Westminster Abbey is still in course of signature. The statement that the memorialists had been informed by Dean Stanley that the project was irrevocably determined upon is contradicted. He has written a letter to them, saying that there is a double mistake about the matter. On the one hand, there was no intention of dropping the proposal; and, on the other, the monument is still far from completion. He adds that, before receiving a deputation on the subject, it will be necessary for him to see the memorial and its signatures.



THE demand of some of the Members from Ireland for an Irish Parliament is practically conceded, to the extent that Irish subjects and Irish men occupy the whole of the time of the House of Commons, to the exclusion of all other business. When, this week, it has not been the Irish Famine it has been the Irish Municipal Franchise, and on either topic there has been a boundless wealth of words. It has frequently happened, as on Monday, that this effervescence of speech has occupied the earlier and fresher hours of the night, leaving real business to be transacted when the House is fagged. On Monday, on the motion to go into Committee of Supply on the Irish Relief Bill, Mr. Synan brought forward an amendment precisely similar in terms with one he had moved on the previous Thursday, the discussion of which had occupied some hours of that sitting. It might reasonably be thought that the wisdom of the House of Commons would have taken steps to prevent such an abuse of the freedom of debate as this. The framers of its rules have in fact not been unmindful of such a contingency, and there is an order to the effect that when a particular amendment or resolution has been brought forward and put as a question from the chair it cannot be again urged. It happened that the Ministerialists, not contemplating this novel difficulty, allowed Mr. Synan's amendment on Thursday to be withdrawn. Had it been negatived, there must have been an end of it, but being withdrawn without a decision having been come to it might be brought forward again, and it was.

At ten o'clock on Monday night, the House having been sitting five hours, Members were permitted to enter on the business for which the evening had been assigned, namely, the consideration in Committee of the Irish Relief Bill. Mr. O'Donnell, who had already been talking for a considerable portion of the night, promptly proved that he was not exhausted, by bringing forward an amendment by which he would have relief granted, at the option of the Guardians, in money as well as in food and fuel. This was opposed by, amongst others, Mr. Shaw, the leader of the party of which Mr. O'Donnell is a distinguished rather than a disciplined member, who objected to the principle, and when the time came declined to vote for it. In two hours this was disposed of; and then Mr. O'Donnell, taking up the suggestion thrown out by Mr. Shaw, moved another amendment to the effect that money might be paid by the Guardians for work done. Thus two o'clock had struck before Mr. Raikes was allowed to leave the chair, and the House had the satisfaction of knowing that it had ill done between ten and two what it might have much more thoroughly and easily have accomplished between five and ten.

The Government had desired to make further progress with the Relief Bill on Tuesday. But that evening Mr. Meldon had secured for his annual resolution on the subject of the assimilation of the Irish borough franchise to that of Great Britain, and neither private entreaties nor public arguments were sufficient to induce him to give way in order that the means of relief for Ireland might be accomplished.

He made his familiar speech, to which not more than half-a-dozen members paid the compliment even of appearing to listen, and through the long watches of the night other Irish Members repeated arguments which have been brought forward year after year for the last five sessions. Mr. Charles Lewis undertook his usual duty of moving the rejection of the proposal, and fulfilled his task with something more than his accustomed vigour. The Member for Derry is a successful Parliamentary speaker to the extent that he never fails to stir up the other side, and impart some life into a debate however dull. Like the rest of the speakers he had a very limited audience, but amongst them chanced to be Lord Hartington, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Bright. One describing the leading characteristics of a debate is often spared a good deal of trouble in respect of Mr. Lewis's speech. Its salient points were on Tuesday touched off pretty freely by members who followed, the limits of Parliamentary usage being touched in the speeches of Mr. Waddy, Sir William Harcourt, and even Mr. Bright, who said without circumlocution what they thought about its "coarse style" of address, the "bad taste" of its references, and its "pettifogging" argument. Mr. Lewis did not happen to be present to hear much of this, but he probably would not complain seeing that his peculiar manner of directly alluding to the individual members is carefully calculated to bring about the angry retorts which give his speech exceptional prominence in the night's debate. The debate on the whole did not reach a high level, Mr. Bright himself falling far short of his customary altitude. There was moreover all through it a tone of personality from which some who were guilty of it would not care to shelter themselves behind the excuse that Mr. Charles Lewis had struck the key-note. Probably if the necessity for assimilating his franchise with that of English boroughs is occasionally felt by the Irish householder, he would not be gratified to know that the argument *pro* and *con* was interrupted whilst Mr. Bright said some bitterly scornful things to Mr. Lowther, who retorted amid uproarious cheers from the Ministerialists.

The sitting generally was much more concerned with personal matters than with national affairs. When the Speaker took the chair, from which he had been absent for a day on account of illness, he found the House crowded in every part in a manner for which there is no precedent during the session. There had been an urgent "whip" on both sides of the subject of Mr. Meldon's resolution, for which the Opposition as a body are accustomed to vote. But this did not account for the crowd, for members knew very well that if they were down at midnight they would be early enough to vote. The simple and well-known fact is that Mr. Plimsoll had been committing one of those verbal indiscretions to which his enthusiasm makes him prone, and he was to be brought to book by Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Denzil Onslow. No one knows what may happen when Mr. Plimsoll is concerned. It is a common belief that he is capable of anything in the way of outraging the forms of the House, a deduction from the memorable occasion when he was described as "standing on one leg in the middle of the floor, and shaking his fist at the Prime Minister." Hon. members thought it would be a nice little distraction before dinner—a sort of dramatic 5 o'clock tea if Mr. Plimsoll would only do or say something *outrageous*.

With this expectation they flocked down in large numbers,

filling all the seats and crowding the bar. The excitement seemed to have extended to the peers, who made the most of their opportunities in the gallery. On the whole the entertainment proved a failure. Mr. Plimsoll himself, as his answer to Sir Charles Russell showed, was ready to go any lengths. Sir Charles Russell asked him, with a stern air which promised unutterable things in the event of conviction, whether he was guilty of authorising the publication of placards in which Sir Charles Russell was accused of inhumanity and degrading conduct because he had blocked the passage through the House of Mr. Plimsoll's bill requiring that grain cargoes should be filled in sacks? Mr. Plimsoll answered with a shocking absence of consciousness of impropriety that he had done all this, and pretty plainly indicated that he was prepared to do it again. It was evident that Mr. Plimsoll was more ready to take the punishment that might be his due than the House was to award it. No one quite knew what to do, and were glad when on the motion of the Marquis of Hartington, gratefully seconded by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the question was adjourned. On Wednesday the Irish Members with one accord stayed away, and an amazing amount of business was done in time for the House to adjourn fully two hours before its accustomed hour. This may be a clever way of putting the advantages of the Home Rule in a new light for English people. They are certainly getting weary of the argument in its more familiar shape.



The dramatic events of the last week have been entirely confined to revivals of popular plays. At the PRINCESS'S Mr. Charles Reade's version of *L'Assommoir* having, for the present at least, exhausted its attractions, Mr. Boucicault's *Streets of London*, originally produced here in 1864, and since more than once revived, has again been put upon the stage with all the realistic scenery and mechanical contrivances which contributed so greatly to the success of this drama at the time of its original production. Whether the blazing house and the real fire-engine—worked as it now is by a real amateur fire-brigade—will prove to retain any considerable measure of their old power to attract playgoers remains to be seen. There is unquestionably a very large class of persons who, when they behold a mimic representation of Trafalgar Square by moonlight, with little pasteboard cabs and omnibuses, artfully moved along in grooves concealed somewhere behind a pasteboard imitation of the Nelson Column, are moved with an inexplicable delight. Covent Garden Market, with its potato sacks, its horseless carts, and other recognisable features has also its mysterious charm over these persons; and the remote but still appreciable chance of being roasted alive in the pit or gallery which is suggested by the terrific conflagration, which loads the atmosphere of the house with the odour of turpentine, seems to furnish a sort of excitement which is at least sufficiently akin to pleasure to provoke deafening shouts of applause. To be just, *The Streets of London*, which has its foundation in that popular French melodrama, *Les Pauvres de Paris*, is not, like some pieces, entirely made up of these alarming and picturesque incidents. It has a regular plan and a rather ingenious story, which, if it makes, on the whole, unconscionable demands on the spectator's faith, yet moves on, sustaining in a certain fashion curiosity and interest. The performance, on the whole, is hardly equal to the original representation—that is as far as the acting is concerned. Mr. Charles Warner, though an actor of unquestionable talent, as was sufficiently shown by his performance of the part of Coupeau in *Drink* is not able to endow the celebrated part of "The Badger" with the picturesque melodramatic qualities of the late Mr. George Vining's impersonation of this effective stage character. He plays it with many smiles and chuckles, and with much lightness of banter; but with little of that imposing manner which gave so much force to Mr. Vining's performance. Miss Emerson, who appears as Lucy, acts intelligently, and with the requisite feeling; Mr. Redmund is a satisfactory Mark Livingstone; Mr. Lablache, a very earnest, natural, and presentable Paul Fairweather; while Miss Maggie Brennan, donning once more the male habiliments in which she first won renown on the London stage, gives great satisfaction in the character of the boy Dan. The revival is stated to be for "four weeks only."

Mr. J. S. Clarke, the well-known American actor, has commenced an engagement at the OLYMPIC, where he appeared on Monday evening in the parts of Dr. Pangloss in the *Heir-at-Law*, and Redmond Tape in a compressed version of Mr. Byron's melodrama, *The Thimble-crew*, which play has been reduced considerably in length. Of this actor's quaintly humorous impersonation of the self-seeking private tutor of the last century nothing now remains to be said. The part of Tape, the lawyer, who exults in the possession of a secret which enables him to worry and finally get the better of an antagonist, is one in which Mr. Clarke's peculiar drollery finds abundant scope. The pieces are cast with more care than is common in the case of companies recruited by a "star" performance. In the *Heir-at-Law*, Mr. Maclean's Lord Duberley is an excellent performance, as is Mrs. Leigh's impersonation of the wife of that suddenly exalted tradesman. Favourable mention is also due to Mr. Harcourt's Zekiel, Mr. Ryder's Steadfast, and Miss Bruce's Cicely.

The close of the holidays is recognised at the GAIETY by the withdrawal of the justly-admired scenic piece, *Gulliver*, and the revival of Mr. Byron's drama, *Blow for Blow*, and Mr. Burnand's amusing burlesque of Pocock's *Rob Roy*. Mr. Terry and Mr. Royce, Miss E. Farren and Miss Kate Vaughan, Miss Louise Willes and Mr. Elton are still the leading members of the Gaiety Company, contributing not a little to the success of the entertainment. Those who have not seen Mr. Terry's performance of the Highland Chief should take care not to miss the opportunity of witnessing this most amusing piece of burlesque acting.

A creditable revival of *The School for Scandal* has been given at the PARK Theatre in Camden Town, where Miss Steinberg plays the part of Lady Teazle with grace and natural vivacity; and Mr. Gibson, the Scottish actor who recently appeared at the Adelphi and the Olympic as Shylock and Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, represents Sir Peter in a careful and effective manner.

Nearly three hundred friends of Mr. Irving, including noblemen and gentlemen connected with art, literature, and science, assembled at the LYCEUM Theatre on Saturday evening, in response to invitations to a supper in celebration of the hundredth consecutive performance of *The Merchant of Venice*. Lord Houghton made a pleasantly humorous speech on the occasion, to which Mr. Irving replied.—The PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre will reopen this evening, under the management of Mr. Edgar Bruce. The chief feature of the programme is Messrs. Merivale and Grove's comedy, entitled *Forget-me-Not*, in which Miss Genevieve Ward appeared at the Lyceum Theatre last summer.—Mr. Boucicault will shortly return to England. He has been engaged to reappear in his original part of Conn in his drama, *The Shaughraun*, at the ADELPHI early in April.

Mr. F. B. Chatterton's annual benefit will take place at Covent Garden Theatre on Monday afternoon. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry will appear in the fourth act of *The Merchant of Venice*, Mr. Barry Sullivan and Mr. Hermann Vezin in the Screen Scene from *The School for Scandal*, and Mr. J. L. Toole and Miss Nellie

Farren in *Bardell v. Pickwick*. Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Anson, Messrs. James and Thorne, Mr. Byron, Mr. J. S. Clarke, and other popular actors and actresses, will also take part in the performance.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The bill of fare at St. George's Hall has just been enlivened by the addition of a new first part, entitled *Castle Bohemian; or, an Irish Stew*. The story of the piece may be told in two lines. Some Irish peasants, who have been living rent-free in an old castle, combine to drive out the new found heir and his retinue. The piece is written by Mr. Arthur Law, whose dialogue is smart and amusing; while the characteristic music is supplied by Mr. Hamilton Clarke. Mr. Corney Grain was very diverting as the new heir, and Miss Hudspeth played capitally as his aesthetic mother. The other characters were efficiently performed by Misses L. Williams and E. Brandon, and Messrs. A. Reed and A. Bishop.

#### THE GRAPHIC GALLERY

"SOME months ago," says the *Morning Post*, "the proprietors of our picturesque contemporary *The Graphic* commissioned several eminent artists each to paint a Head typifying his conception of "Beauty." As every eye is proverbially entitled to make its own, and each man's fancy has a like prerogative, this commission implied the fullest liberty of vision and imagination. The result is a collection of a dozen or so of pictures at *The Graphic* Gallery, 14, Grafton Street, New Bond Street. Among the artists who contribute are Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., Messrs. Alma Tadema, A.R.A., E. Long, A.R.A., P. H. Calderon, R.A., G. D. Leslie, R.A., J. J. Tissot, G. Storey, A.R.A., C. E. Perugini, Marcus Stone, A.R.A., Philip Morris, A.R.A., and others. It is curious and interesting to observe how dissimilar are the ideas of female loveliness in the minds of the various painters. With some blondes, golden or silver; with others, brunettes, 'nut-brown maids,' such as an old poet loved to sing of; with others, black-eyed ladies, with tresses as dark and lustrous as Whitby jet, are in the highest favour. Then, again, some prefer women of majestic form and queen-like expression: some, and these are the majority, have a predilection for the graceful and gentle, deeming that "beauty dwells with kindness." Fair-haired Mignons are, we think, in the ascendant. The fair women pictured by Messrs. Leslie, Perugini, and Tissot will no doubt have many admirers. Those who love auburn tresses and the mellowess of complexion usually found in union with them will be well pleased with Mr. Hopkins's pensive, melancholy damsels, much in the style of Correggio. Any one having a heart to bestow on a muscular, strong-minded lady, with a casket in her hand, possibly suggestive of her fortune, and who looks as if she liked her own way and meant to have it, may be recommended to make the acquaintance of the young woman who blooms defiant upon Mr. Long's canvas.

"The 'Selene' of Sir F. Leighton is a charming little picture, bespeaking the classic grace of the artist's fancy and his accustomed delicacy and refinement of execution. This twin-sister of Helios, beloved of Endymion, will play sad havoc with the affections of susceptible spectators, for she fully realises the description given of her in the mythologies, that she is 'tender and timid,' and that 'it is only in secret that she loves beautiful youths and kisses them in sleep.' We can quite believe it. The simplicity of costume in the best of these pictures deserves the attention of ladies. Jewellery is almost wholly discarded; a rose, red or damask, supplies the place of a brooch; and it is only in one or two instances that earrings are worn.

"Besides the heads there is in the gallery a work of marvellous beauty, painted for the proprietors of *The Graphic* by Mr. J. E. Millais, R.A., and called 'Cherry Ripe.' This picture, which will bear comparison with the 'Penelope Boothby' of Sir Joshua Reynolds, is the portrait of a little girl seated upon a felled tree in a bower overhanging with honeysuckle, and having by her side a cabbage leaf filled with cherries. She wears a mob cap and a white dress, with pink sash and pink shoes. Her bonny brown hair falls in luxuriant tresses over her neck and shoulders; her blue eyes, full-orbed and of cloudless brilliancy, gaze at you from under her eyebrows with a bewitching look of child-like archness. The composition of the figure is not to be surpassed for natural ease and unaffected elegance, nor is it possible to imagine a more felicitous rendering of the freshness and purity, the artless *naïveté*, and the guileless ingenuous grace of early childhood than is to be discerned in the general treatment of the face and form. Happy girl! Her youth will perish in nature—alas that it should! but, thanks to Mr. Millais's pencil, it will never pass away in art. As the entire proceeds of the present exhibition will be given to a charitable fund for artists, no gratuitous tickets were, as is usually the case, issued for the private view."



MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS.—A spirited and tuneful duet for a tenor and bass is "The Woosers," written and composed by Arthur Mathison and Antonio L. Mora; the one lover is bold, the other timid; a sure encore may be looked for at a mixed concert or Penny Reading when this duet is well sung.—The same success may be anticipated for "A Pair of Lovers," the quaint words of which, by F. Langbridge, M.A., appeared in this journal; the music is by Michael Watson; this song is of medium compass.—Four excellent pieces for the pianoforte, which will be welcome both to the study and drawing-room, are "A Willow Song" and "Maien Lied," by Edouard Dorn, "Passe Pied," No. 1, of "Ancient Dances for the Pianoforte," by J. F. Barnett, and "La Belle Virginie," by C. E. Pathe.—The frontispiece with the portraits of our young sailor princes and the verse on which they are serving will attract attention to "The Bacchante Valse;" the music by the Earl of Dunmore, is up to the mark of dance music in general, if not of extraordinary merit.

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—A grand effect might be produced if the "stage directions" with which "Thine is the Name," words by L. E. L., music by E. Rubini Jervis, a love song of a commonplace type, were strictly followed; to ordinary singers the elaborate changes of time and marks of expression would be simply irksome to follow.—A complete contrast to the above is "Among the Sweet Blue Bells," a charming and unpretentious ballad, written and composed by B. S. Montgomery and E. L. Hime; it should be sung by a young girl with a sweet voice of medium compass.—"Chant du Troubadour," a pianoforte piece, by E. L. Hime, is really pretty, but spoiled by the affectation of interpolating bars in a manner which will perplex and annoy the player, and induce many to put the piece aside.—A brace of neatly written pieces, by H. Latour, are "Danse Anglaise" and "Danse Rustique;" both are moderately difficult and playable.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A very charming *caprice*, by Ernest C. Winchester, one which will repay careful study, is "May Day Dance" (F. Pitman).—Two cheerful and pleasing songs of medium compass are: "Song of the Absent King," written and composed by George Weddell (Messrs. Methven, Simpson and Co.), and "The Last Minstrel," the words by Sir Walter Scott, music by Frank Barnard (Joseph Williams).



THE SYDNEY MUSEUM has bought five of the French and twenty-three of the British paintings contributed to the Exhibition.

WOOD-CARVING will be a prominent feature in the Fine Art Exhibition of next month at the Albert Hall, and a representative display of carving will be shown, illustrating the past history of the art, as well as its present condition.

A NOVELTY IN WEDDING PRESENTS has been introduced in America—a jewel-box, composed of real flowers, and intended to hold bridal gifts. Floral fans of natural roses, lilies-of-the-valley, and violets are also a tasteful innovation.

A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION AT THE LONGEST DISTANCE YET KNOWN—410 miles—was recently carried on between Omaha in Nebraska, U.S., and St. Louis. Every word was heard most clearly, and several songs were equally distinct.

A NEW NAVAL OBSERVATORY is to be established in America, and it is intended, if practicable, to fix the site on an even degree of longitude west of Greenwich.—The Observatory which is to be built at Nice by a French banker is now being planned at the cost of nearly 40,000.

M. ALPHONSE DAUDET intends to bring out a novel this year in the Paris *Figaro*, *Trousseaux et Layettes*, which will be a simple idyl of domestic happiness, instead of the trenchant pictures of famous personages which the author has produced of late. The success of the dramatic version of his *Nabab* has decided M. Daudet to prepare a play on his last work, *Les Rois en Exil*.

WINTER IN EGYPT this year has been marked by unusual severity, and the natives, totally unaccustomed to great cold, have suffered bitterly. Thin films of ice have frequently been found on the water in the morning. As usual, when the Old World suffers from cold, the winter across the Atlantic has been milder than for many years, and in Florida it has been perfect summer weather, with only one or two frosts. On Christmas Day new potatoes, green peas, beans, and other summer vegetables were plentiful, as well as strawberries which had been grown during the winter.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE INTERNATIONAL LITERARY ASSOCIATION announce a series of "Literary Monday Afternoons" in aid of the funds of the Association. They will take place at Steinway Hall, and will consist of lectures, readings, recitals, and dramatic scenes by distinguished men of letters. The series will be inaugurated on February 23 by Mr. Edward Jenkins, M.P., who will read his "Ginx's Baby"; Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., will follow, on March 8, with Dekker's comedy, "The Roaring Girl," and on March 22 Mr. W. R. A. Ralston will tell some "Russian Stories."

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES visited *The Graphic* Gallery in Grafton Street on Saturday afternoon, to view the collection of faces illustrating "Beauty." Their Royal Highnesses spent much time in close examination of the different artists' works represented, and seemed disposed to award the palm for loveliness to Sir Frederick Leighton's "Selene." The Prince expressed a wish to purchase the following Drawings in the collection: two by Mr. Arthur Hopkins, entitled "Tobogganning" and "Beauties of the London Season," and one by Mr. J. Charlton of "Hunting on Exmoor."

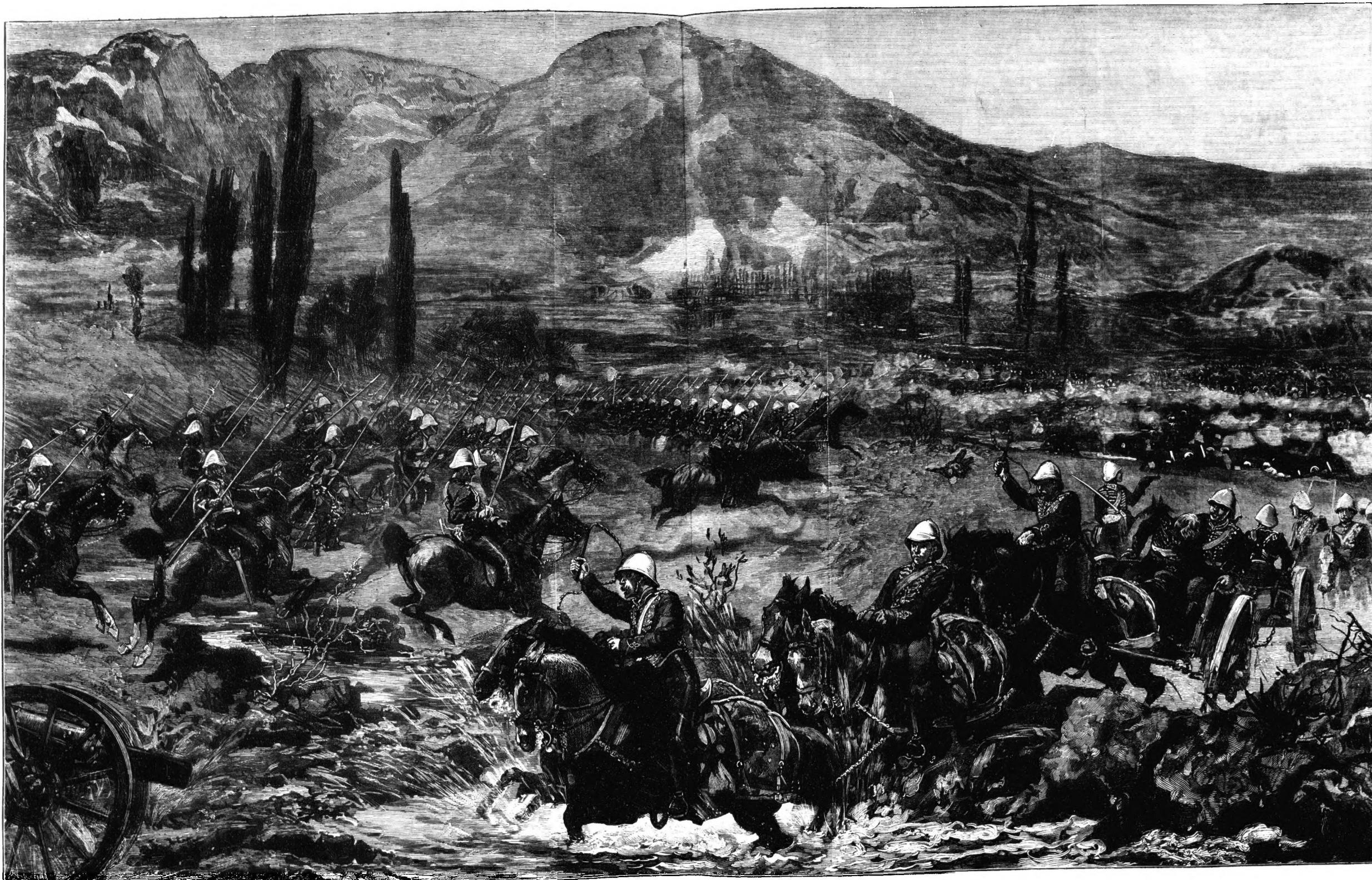
TWO CENTENARIANS have recently died in the Poland Street Workhouse in London. One was 105 years old, the entry of her baptism in the year 1775 having been seen by the chaplain, and the other was believed to be more than 101 years of age. A still more aged lady died on the 29th ult. at Langport, in Somerset. Mrs. Cooper was 106 years of age, kept her faculties intact to the last, and did not look more than eighty years old. In the village of Accum, East Friesland, also, the Protestant Minister, Herr Mücke, claims to have outstripped the century, and is about to celebrate the seventieth anniversary of his Ministry.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 2,495 deaths were registered against 3,376 during the previous seven days, a decline of 881, being 730 above the average, and at the rate of 35.5 per 1,000. There were 12 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 1), 23 from measles (a decline of 11), 56 from scarlet fever (a decline of 10), 13 from diphtheria (an increase of 7), 197 from whooping-cough, 19 from different forms of fever (a decline of 4), and 19 from diarrhoea (an increase of 8). There were 2,701 births registered against 2,684 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 41. The mean temperature was 40.6 deg., and 1.4 above the average. There were 14.0 hours of bright sunshine, the sun being 67.9 hours above the horizon.

GOLD MINING IN WYNAAD DISTRICT has been warmly taken up by the Indian Government, which proposes to authorise the Madras Government to issue mining leases of lots varying from one to thirty acres, for a period of ten to twenty years. The rent would be 5 rupees per acre, on the condition that not less than five labourers are employed per acre on *bond side* mining operations, subject to Government approval, the lease being forfeited on failure to comply with this regulation. No tax or royalty would be levied for the present in order to attract capital to the Wynaad. The opinion of Mr. Brough Smyth, the mining engineer who has examined the district, is that the reefs are numerous, thicker than usual and highly auriferous, while they offer great facilities for the mining operations being pursued at small cost.

THE ARTISTS' MASQUERADE was the only noteworthy feature of the Roman Carnival this year. It represented the Court of a Feudal Baron of the Middle Ages joining in a State procession, and was perfect in every detail, all dresses, carriages, horse-trappings, being of the period, some the property of the artists themselves, and others lent from private collections of the Roman nobility. Men-at-arms and mousquetaires opened the procession, headed by the Grand Constable, next came the Baron's Judge, with his halberdiers, servants, and two executioners, and followed by the lawyers, then a goat-carriage, with the Baron's children, accompanied by mousquetaires and huntsmen, the Castle Dwarf, and a number of musicians. The Baron and Baroness and their heir appeared next in a magnificent carriage, a page following with the Castle keys, and subsequently came the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, the procession closing with twelve knights.

THE SWEDISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION in the *Vega* had a most hearty reception on reaching Naples on Saturday. A number of vessels went out to meet Professor Nordenskiöld, and the Naples authorities received the members of the Expedition on their landing and gave them a banquet in the evening, while the city was beflagged in their honour, and the Arsenal guns saluted the *Vega*. Professor Nordenskiöld will stay a week at Naples, and hopes to be in London within a month, leaving the *Vega* at Portsmouth. He will then go to Stockholm, where an enthusiastic welcome is being prepared. His account of the voyage will appear next October in Stockholm, and will be simultaneously published in English. Talking of Polar exploration, a fresh American Expedition, headed by Dr. Emil Bessels, who was with Captain Hall in the *Polaris*, is being organised by private enterprise, and will probably start early next year, *via* Jones' Sound, where a meteorological station will be established in connection with those of the International Congress. Here a yacht will be left to maintain communications, while a steamer will explore to the north-west.



TRYING TO SAVE THE GUNS

BRITISH CAVALRY CHARGING THE AFGHANS IN ORDER TO COVER THE RETREAT OF THE ARTILLERY DURING THE ACTION IN THE CHARDEH VALLEY, DEC. 11, 1879



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—Italy is now taking the foremost part in the attempt to bring about an understanding between Montenegro and the Porte, and has proposed to both the following line of frontier:—Starting from the Gulf of Kastrati, the boundary line follows the mountain range as far as the Sem, and thence it continues to Mount Visitor, and thence to the Lim, proceeding onward in a north-easterly direction until it coincides with the frontier marked out by the Berlin Congress. Both the parties have their objections to the proposal, Montenegro laying claim to the district of Merkovic on the Adriatic, whereas the Congress fixed the boundary between Migured and Kalimed, while the Porte is averse to ceding the plain between Podgoritz and the Lake of Scutari. Negotiations, however, are actively progressing, and as the Powers sympathise fully with Italy in her task, there is every probability of a settlement being shortly effected. The same may be hoped of the more dangerous question of the Greek frontier, as the British Government have semi-officially communicated to the Porte its proposal to submit the delimitation of boundaries to a Technical Commission—a suggestion which has likewise met with the approbation of all the other Powers, though France is somewhat anxious to supplement it by a Political Commission in order to determine the basis on which the detailed regulation of the frontier line should proceed. It is certainly satisfactory to see these two burning questions at last being seriously taken in hand by competent mediators, though it will probably be a long time yet before a definitive agreement can be effected.

At CONSTANTINOPLE no little apprehension has been caused by a rumour that the Sultan intends to appoint Mahmoud Nedim Grand Vizier, and Hafiz Pasha Governor of the capital—both these gentlemen being warm friends to Russia, and the first-named being noted for his hatred to England and the English. Mahmoud Nedim is Abd-ul-Hamid's most trusty adviser, and such a result was prophesied long since, when the Sultan summoned him from exile, and appointed him a Minister, notwithstanding the opposition of the British Embassy. There is little other news. Considerable ill-feeling against Osman Pasha has been aroused by the fall of the Beicos barracks, and the Minister is popularly accused of having turned to his own account the money intended for the repairs of the barracks. The financial difficulties continue, but as we read that the manager of the Ottoman Bank has been invited to dine with the Sultan, we presume that some arrangement for the payment at least of the Ambassadors' salaries is in course of discussion. Sir Henry Layard has had a fall from his horse, but has sustained no serious injury.

ROUMANIA seems at last to be realising her long-cherished dream, for it is stated that as the Jewish question has been in some degree settled, England, France, and Germany are about to recognise her independence, and enter into regular diplomatic relations with Prince Charles. Accordingly, the journals are highly jubilant, and are proposing wondrous schemes for the domestic development of Roumania as soon as she can take recognised rank amongst independent European nations.

SERVIA also is highly pleased at the conclusion of the Treaty of Commerce with England, and M. Ristic has expressed to the Skuptschina his earnest hope that English capital would be speedily forthcoming at an early date for the Servian-Salonica Railway. Under the treaty British subjects will have the right to trade and buy and sell landed property in Servia.

In BULGARIA Prince Alexander has issued a proclamation highly eulogistic of Russia and her Czar, and stating that "convinced that I am responding to the wish of my subjects, I hold it to be my most sacred duty to go to Russia myself, in order to communicate to His Imperial Majesty on this festive occasion the profound gratitude of my people." Not a bad excuse, on the whole, for a holiday from the cares and worries of a sovereignty which he has already expressed an earnest wish to resign.

FRANCE.—M. de Freycinet gained considerable credit by his straightforward speaking and firm attitude on the Amnesty Question, and has enormously strengthened the hands of his Cabinet, as his action in unreservedly refusing the demand of the Radicals, although heading the most Radical Ministry which has been in office since the Bordeaux Assembly, is looked upon to imply a decision of character which augurs well for his success in other matters. Vacillation and hesitation have been so long the rule that any symptom of firmness is heartily welcomed by the public at large. There have been no other Parliamentary items of any outside interest, save a scene in the Chamber on Saturday, owing to a Republican deputy being brought to book for having despatched a triumphant telegram to a Public Prosecutor at Nîmes who had been superseded by the Minister of Justice—boasting that he had procured his dismissal in revenge for some fancied injury—an assertion wholly unfounded. In the Senate M. Jules Ferry's Superior Educational Council Bill has been passed. The long looked-for debate on his other bill, which includes the anti-Jesuit seventh clause, is fixed for Monday.

The great topic of the day has been M. Sardou's new play at the Français—*Daniel Rochat*—which opens out the question of civil *versus* religious marriage. Daniel Rochat is a French Radical orator, who falls in love with a young American lady, and both agree that the ceremony shall be performed neither in a "church" nor by a "priest." A sudden summons of Rochat to Paris necessitating an immediate marriage, the civil ceremony is performed in a very impromptu though perfectly legal manner. Then comes the striking scene of the piece, the bride, who by "priest" and "church" had understood that rites of the Roman Church were to be vetoed, takes it as a matter of course that Rochat will not object to the Protestant service, and proposes an adjournment to a chapel to complete the marriage, much to Rochat's stupefaction, while the heroine Léa is no less astonished and horrified that the pact was meant to exclude all religious formalities. She then declines to recognise the marriage, while for a long time Rochat on his side is afraid for his personal reputation to yield. Ultimately he does so, but by that time he sees that his selfishness has alienated all feeling of love for him from his future spouse, so that a divorce is mutually agreed and acted upon. No play since *Rabagars* has excited so much party feeling, the advocates of civil marriage being highly scandalised by the off-hand way with which the ceremony was depicted on the stage; but, politics apart, the general feeling of the audience was expressed by the utterance of one of the minor characters, who remarks that, as for himself, if he really loved the girl, he would go not merely to a church, but to a synagogue, or a mosque—in other words parodying Henri IV.'s famous declaration, *Paris va au bien une messe*.

Another fertile topic in Paris has been the forthcoming election, on Thursday next, to the two vacant seats in the Academy, for which at present there are no fewer than eleven candidates, one of whom it is said is M. Gambetta, who is desirous of succeeding his whilom colleague of the 4th September Government, M. Jules Favre. Among the others are five dramatic authors and critics. On Thursday the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier was to be received, and pronounce his long-expected eulogy of his predecessor, Bishop Dupanloup. The priest Père Didon, whose liberal-minded sermons last year were stopped by his ecclesiastical authorities, has now been

permitted to resume his discourses, and is attracting large audiences. It is a fact worthy of note that the Roman Catholic Church is showing signs of conciliation towards the Republic, and Pope Leo XIII. is now held up as a "pacifier," and is announced to be undertaking the mission of reconciling "faith and reason, the Papacy and secular Governments." There are few minor items of interest from Paris. The mortality continues very high, and typhoid fever and small-pox are both prevalent; there has been an attempt to murder an Englishman named Pearson in the Rue de Turin; and, turning once more to theatrical circles, Adelina Patti has been enthusiastically received on her reappearance after many years' absence; and a new opera by M. Hippolyte Duprat, entitled *Pétrarque*, has been produced at the Opéra Populaire.

GERMANY.—The Reichstag was duly opened last week by Prince Bismarck, who in the opening speech announced little more than the new Army Bill and the prolongation of the anti-Socialist measures. A more pleasant topic was the assurance given that the Government had been continuous in its pains to protect and promote the trade and navigation of the Empire, and certainly the various Commercial Treaties with the Hawaiian Islands, the Hovas Government, and Madagascar, and the attempts now being made to colonise Central Africa fully bear out the Chancellor's assertion. The Germans, like the English, are admirable colonists, and Prince Bismarck might find a better means of extending the influence and power of Germany, as well as of finding employment for her inhabitants, than drilling hundreds of thousands of men into perfect discipline, and then trying their efficiency by breaking the heads of their neighbours. At present, however, military and not commercial affairs constitute the all-absorbing topic, and a little pamphlet, modelled on "The Battle of Dorking," has been published. It is entitled "The Campaign against Russia and France of 1880-1," and deals with the triumph of Imperial Germany, Austria, and England over France, Russia, and Italy, with a collateral result of the deposition of "the Dictator Gambetta," the election of Prince Napoleon as President of the Republic, and the agreement of France to a general European disarmament—in fact, the commencement of the Millennium.

The Prussian Diet, having voted the Budget, will probably be adjourned for three months in order that its sittings may not clash with those of the Reichstag.—A miners' riot occurred near Breslau at the Scharley mine, when the buildings were demolished, the books destroyed, and the officials ill-treated. Ultimately the military were called in, and restored order.

RUSSIA.—Yet another attempt has been made on the Czar's life, the fourth within ten months, and the sixth since his accession. This time, however, the attempt is endowed with all the more significance from the fact that it has taken place in the Winter Palace itself, notwithstanding all the paraphernalia of guards and lynx-eyed surveillance with which the Sovereign of Russia is surrounded in his own home, and consequently could hardly have been planned and carried out without the cognisance of some trusted inmates of the palace. Moreover, had the assassins succeeded, not only the life of the Czar, but those of several other members of the Imperial family, would have been sacrificed, and as it is, eight persons have been killed and forty-five injured. On Monday evening, at a few minutes after seven, when the Czar, with the Duchess of Edinburgh and the Prince of Bulgaria, were about to proceed to dinner, a terrific explosion was heard, and the dining-room, where a few minutes later they would have been all assembled, was blown up. Beneath the room was a chamber used as a guard-room, and beneath this again was one of a series of cellars, where a mine of dynamite or of gun cotton was supposed to have been placed, and to have been fired by some such clockwork arrangement as was used by the scoundrel who caused the horrible disaster at Bremerhaven. According to another account, however, the train by which the charge was fired has been traced to an inner court, and into another cellar. Providentially, the Imperial party were some five or ten minutes late in going to dinner, owing to the Prince of Bulgaria having been unpunctual in arriving. Three workmen are said to have been at work in the room where the explosion occurred, one of whom has taken to flight. Of the soldiers in the guardroom, eight were killed on the spot and forty-five injured; while in the dining-room a gap of ten feet long and six feet wide was made by the explosion. The Emperor and the Duchess of Edinburgh are said to have completely preserved their coolness throughout; while, curiously enough, the Empress, who was in bed in a neighbouring apartment, does not appear to have heard the explosion. A searching investigation is being made, and the rumours which prevailed some months since of a plot to blow up the Winter Palace, and the arrest of a man with a complete plan of the Palace in his possession, are now significantly recalled to mind. The utmost sympathy has been shown with the Czar on every side, and Thanksgiving services are being held throughout the Empire.

The asserted intention of England to hand over Herat to Persia has given rise to considerable discussion in the Russian press. The *Journal de St. Petersburg* declares that England for fifty years has persistently opposed this resolution, and warns Persia against the risks of exposing herself to the perils of such an enterprise. The *Golos* thinks that England wants to pit Persia against Russia in the Atrek, while the St. Petersburg *Vedomosti* emphatically maintains that Herat is as necessary to Russia as Candahar and Jelallabad are to England, and that the idea of a Persian occupation under British auspices cannot be sustained. In the mean time the expedition for punishing the Turkomans is being actively organised, and it has been decided to give the command to General Skobeleff, who will start at once for Tashkend. He will lead the column from that place, composed of 20,000 men, and strike across Bokhara towards Merv, while two other armies from Tchikislar and Krasnovodsk respectively would advance from the west.

Great preparations are being made for the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Czar's accession, and, as far as the Empress's health will permit, it will follow the precedent of the similar celebration of his father's anniversary in 1850. The various European Courts, however, have been asked not to send special envoys on account of the Empress's health.

ITALY.—The King opened the new Session on Thursday, and, as was expected, insisted upon the necessity for the Grist Tax and Electoral Reform Bills, although the glacial silence of the Right throughout his speech bodes terribly stormy times for the Ministry with regard to these measures. Other measures were also announced, amongst them being the establishment of productive works in order to relieve the prevailing distress by finding labour for the unemployed, the sanitary improvement of Rome, the correction of the commercial code, and the completion of the organisation of the army and navy. The King—personally speaking—was greatly cheered, but a perfect ovation greeted the young Prince of Naples and Queen Margherita, who made her first appearance in public after her illness.

The Pope has issued his much-talked-of Encyclical Letter against divorce, in which he insists that marriage is a sacrament which the Church alone can administer, and that divorce is contrary to religion and morality, and is, moreover, a sign of moral depravation.

UNITED STATES.—The distress in Ireland continues to excite universal sympathy, and the House Committee on Naval Affairs have unanimously adopted a resolution authorising ships to be utilised for the carriage of relief supplies. The *New York Herald* has appointed a Committee to distribute the relief fund which it has raised, consisting of Cardinal McCloskey, Col. King, Harman, M.P., Professor Baldwin, Mr. William Shaw, M.P., and Mr. Parnell, M.P. At first the last named gentleman declined to act, but on being asked to

reconsider his refusal he ultimately consented, "if the acceptance would not interfere with his political programme."

The anti-Chinese feeling in the West has been raised once more to fever point by a vote of the Californian Legislature by 73 to 2, prohibiting Corporations from employing Chinese workmen. Some manufacturers have complied, but others declare the law unconstitutional, and appeal to the United States Government. The white working men, however, are taking up the matter themselves, and are visiting the various manufacturers in large bodies in order to enforce compliance with the stipulations of the bill.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In SPAIN a train conveying a considerable sum of money was stopped by brigands, but Marshal Serrano and a guard of *gendarmes* were amongst the travellers, and speedily put the miscreants to flight.—In EGYPT a conflict has arisen between Prince Halim and the Government respecting the former's allowance, which, originally 60,000/, is now to be cut down to 15,000/.—In GREECE according to the census of last year the population of the country is now 1,679,000 against 1,457,000 in 1870—the increase per annum being at the rate of 1.69 per cent.—In CANADA, the Marquis of Lorne, at the opening of the Dominion Parliament, invited the Legislature to consider the means of showing practical sympathy with the distress in Ireland, and to sanction the appointment, with Her Majesty's concurrence, of a permanent representative of the Dominion in London.



THE Queen has been in town this week to hold the first Drawing Room of the season. Before leaving the Isle of Wight, Her Majesty gave audience to Mr. Cross, and subsequently entertained the Minister at dinner. Next morning the Queen and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Whippingham Church, where Canon Prothero officiated, and on Monday evening Canon and Mrs. Prothero and Captain Simpson of the *Hector*, guardship at Cowes, dined with Her Majesty. The Earl of Yarmouth, Comptroller of the Household, had audience of the Queen on Tuesday to present the Address from the House of Commons in answer to the Royal Speech. On Wednesday Her Majesty telegraphed to the Czar, congratulating him on his escape from assassination. On Thursday Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice were to leave Osborne and come up to Buckingham Palace, where the Queen would hold a Drawing Room yesterday (Friday). Her Majesty and the Princess leave town to-day (Saturday) for Windsor, where they will remain a few weeks.—The Queen has appointed the Earl of Onslow to fill the post of Lord-in-Waiting, vacated by the death of the Earl of Roden.

The Prince and Princess of Wales on Saturday visited *The Graphic* Gallery in Grafton Street, went to Messrs. Agnew's Water-Colour Gallery, and subsequently witnessed the operation of enlarging and reducing the British Museum statues at Messrs. Marnyhae's establishment. The Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught called at Marlborough House during the day, and in the evening the Prince and Princess took their daughters to the Gaiety Theatre. The Prince and Princess with their children attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Sunday morning, and afterwards entertained the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Henry of the Netherlands, and Prince Leopold at luncheon. On Monday night the Prince and Princess dined with the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, and on Tuesday the Prince attended a *levée* at St. James's Palace on behalf of the Queen, at which the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, Cambridge, and Teck, and Prince Leopold were present. In the evening the Prince of Wales accompanied his wife to Her Majesty's Theatre. On Wednesday the Prince visited the Duke of Edinburgh and the Russian Ambassador to congratulate them on the escape of the Czar from assassination. In the evening the Prince and Princess and the Duke of Edinburgh went to the Royalty Theatre. The Prince has promised to preside at a dinner in aid of the Westminster Hospital on March 13.—Yesterday (Friday) was the 13th birthday of the Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught last week took the Princess Henry of the Netherlands to Madame Tussaud's, and also visited the Haymarket Theatre. On Saturday night they all dined at the German Embassy, Prince Leopold also joining the party, and on Sunday evening the Princess Henry left London for the Hague, having spent about ten days with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.—The Princess Louise has met with an accident at Ottawa. Accompanied by her husband, the Princess on Saturday was driving in a covered sleigh on her way to hold a Drawing Room, when the sleigh was upset and dragged some distance by the horses. The occupants were greatly bruised and shaken, and the Princess received a cut on the right ear, and a considerable bruise on the side of her head, besides severely straining the muscles of her neck. She is however fast recovering from her injuries.—The Duke of Edinburgh has become President of the Charing Cross Hospital.

The Empress of Austria has been out with the hounds almost daily during the past week, and on Sunday attended mass at the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth. Prince Rudolph may probably join her before long.



THE NEW DEAN OF YORK.—The Venerable Arthur Percy Purey-Cust, Archdeacon of Buckingham and Honorary Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, has been nominated to the Deanery of York, in the room of the late Hon. Augustus Duncombe.

TRURO CATHEDRAL.—The *Freemason* says that the Prince of Wales has fixed Thursday, the 20th of May, for laying the foundation-stone of the new cathedral at Truro. It will be the first ceremony of the kind ever performed by his Royal Highness in England as Grand Master of English Freemasons, and will be the first ecclesiastical building ever constructed under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of England. His Royal Highness will be accompanied by the Princess, and will be the guest of Lord Falmouth at Tregothnan.

REFORM OF THE MARRIAGE LAWS.—The names of Mr. S. Morley, M.P., Mr. Monk, M.P., Mr. Mundella, M.P., and the Right Hon. W. F. Cogan, M.P., have now been added to Mr. Blennerhasset's Bill for altering the marriage laws, which proposes to do away with the necessity of the presence of the District Registrar at marriages celebrated in Roman Catholic and Dissenting places of worship, and to abolish the fees payable to the Registrar upon such occasions. The registration of the marriage by the officiating clergyman is to be taken as legal evidence of the union. It also proposes to permit clergymen of all denominations to perform the ceremony of marriage after twelve (noon) without the



SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING FIELD, III--THE FINISH  
BY J. CLAYTON

necessity of a special license, and to relieve clergymen of the Church of England from the duty of marrying divorced persons.

THE S. P. G. AND MR. COLLEY.—The *Guardian* publishes in a supplement a correspondence between the Primate and the Metropolitan Bishop of Capetown, in which his Grace of Canterbury says that the printed report of Mr. Colley's statement in St. Paul's Church, Durban, is calculated to convey an erroneous impression of what passed at the interview between himself and Mr. Colley. This correspondence has an important bearing on the proposal to exclude the names of the Bishops of Exeter and Worcester from the list of Vice-Presidents of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which was to be discussed at a meeting of the Society on Friday (yesterday); the reason being that they have as yet given no denial or explanation of Mr. Colley's statement that his mission to South Africa had received their sanction. It will be remembered that Mr. Colley's offence is his acceptance of an Archdeacon under Dr. Colenso. It is also alleged that he himself has a leaning towards the heresy of Swedenborg.

THE SALVATION ARMY has just despatched to America a foreign contingent, consisting of one "general," six "captains," and one "private." They embarked at the Victoria Docks last week, having marched thither from the head-quarters in the Whitechapel Road, where a special service, of a highly sensational character, had been held, at which they were presented with regimental colours: two flags, bearing the device, "Blood and Fire," in conspicuous characters. The "captains" are young female converts, whose regiments consist of a black dress and black straw hat with a red ribbon, having upon it the inscription, "Salvation Army."

MR. SPURGEON has returned from Mentone with apparently completely restored health. On Sunday last he preached twice at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the congregation at both services being very great. In the morning sermon, a discourse on the Sovereignty of God, he said that the new God of modern Christianity was made of sugar of lead; He was all mercy, Justice had departed from Him. Men could live as they liked, and "By jingo it would come right at last," seemed to be the modern cry, but By Jehovah, there was a lie at the bottom of it all; for Jehovah, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob still lived, and had not changed one whit from the stern integrity of His nature. There were some who delighted to overrun kingdoms, to deluge the earth with blood, and crimson the world with murder. Who cared? We were a great people, and had a right to do it. But God could reach the greatest, and scatter the proudest. He had said, "Vengeance is Mine," and He would surely fulfil His word. In the evening sermon, referring to the spread of Ritualism, he asked, Who could have bewitched our Protestant land? With Smithfield and the ashes of the martyrs scarcely swept away, men were again setting up the crucifix of Romanism. What would Oliver Cromwell say, if he could come back, and see what men were making of this country? Dangers were also abroad among the Nonconformists; so that the question might with some reason be put to them also. Whatever doctrines were preached, and whatever changes might arise, he would ask his friends to place him in a lunatic asylum if he ever left off preaching the simple Gospel.

THE REV. DR. ALEXANDER KEITH, author of the celebrated work "Keith on Prophecy," died last week at Buxton, in his ninetieth year. He was one of the founders of the Free Church of Scotland, the Moderatorship of which was repeatedly offered to him, but declined on account of his infirm health.



POPULAR CONCERTS.—The annual visit of Joseph Joachim is invariably a sign that music is stirring itself among us, and the Popular Concerts form the stronghold of this incomparable artist. Now at the zenith of his career and fame, he may, without hyperbole, be said to have reached the furthest limits of artistic culture. That he should be estimated as he is estimated in this country proves the fallacy of the statement that the English are not "musical," and this in the face of the seven hundred concerts of quartets, sonatas, &c., which Mr. Arthur Chappell has given in St. James's Hall since 1859. If not musical, indeed, how is it they understand, appreciate, and applaud with enthusiasm such a man as Joachim, who merges his own identity in that of the composer whose work he is interpreting? His charmed audiences only think of the performer when his task is accomplished. It is as though Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn had been speaking to them directly, instead of through the medium of one who can interpret their every thought. At the end there is a burst of rapturous applause, and the people say, "No one plays Beethoven like Joachim," which is neither more nor less than plain truth. Compare him, for example, with the greatest of "virtuosos," from Liszt to Bülow and Rubinstein, and it cannot reasonably be denied that, rare instances allowed for, Liszt is invariably Liszt, Bülow invariably Bülow, and Rubinstein invariably Rubinstein, no matter what composer they may deal with; whereas Joachim, except for the accuracy and splendour of play wherein he surpasses them all, is never Joachim, but simply and unequivocally the master on whose behalf he speaks. To employ a happy expression of Richard Wagner's, he is the chief "reproductive artist," of our age; for what Wagner says of Liszt—that to perform works as he performs them is almost equivalent to having created them—would apply as strictly to Joachim as it applies but vaguely to Liszt. Joachim, with executive power and facility at least the equal of his famed compatriot, persistently keeps his individuality in the background, unobtrusive almost to a fault. The great Hungarian violinist was, on Monday night, once more greeted like an old and well-beloved friend, and played his best—which means best of the best. He made a happy choice of quartets in Beethoven's "No. 10" and Haydn's (so accepted) "No. 2, Op. 64"—although both are in the key of E flat. The two, however, are so utterly different in style, that, played as perfectly as could be desired by Herr Joachim and his able coadjutors, Herr Ries, Mr. Zerbini, and Signor Piatti (the Joachim of the violoncello, as Joachim is the Piatti of the violin), both were listened to with rapt attention. Herr Joachim's solo display was in the magnificent prelude and fugue from J. S. Bach's "Suite" in G minor, an exhibition of technical mastery (to speak of nothing else) almost unparalleled. The "encore" that followed was too emphatic to be disregarded, and Herr Joachim, with his accustomed judgment on such occasions, played another movement by the same great master—the rapid prelude to the "Suite" in C major. This, if possible, was even a more wonderful mechanical feat than its precursor. The pianist of the evening was Madlle. Janotha, now a great popular favourite, who gave a "Polonaise" (in F sharp minor) by Chopin, and, on being encored, substituted the *Lied ohne Worte*, by Mendelssohn, variously denominated the "Bee's Wedding," the "Spinnlied," &c.—titles of which the composer himself was entirely innocent. With Madlle. Janotha's Chopin we were somewhat disappointed; but she played Mendelssohn's characteristic piece with singular fluency and lightness of touch.

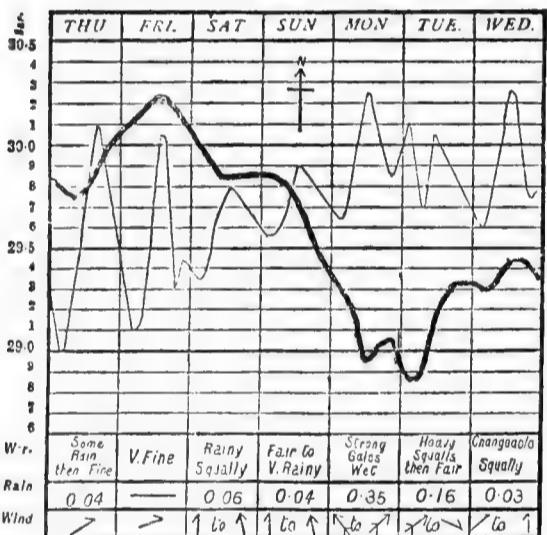
MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The first concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's 25th season, though the entertainment was all that

could be desired, brought with it some melancholy reflections. A quarter of a century, after all, measures but a small span of tenure for an institution which, like that of Mr. Leslie, had every prospect of becoming permanent. The idea was intrinsically so excellent, and had obtained such general recognition among amateurs, that the literary introduction to the programme of the first concert in St. James's Hall acted more or less like a damper on the genuine treat that ensued. Why such an institution, in the meridian of its existence, should be suddenly broken up it is by no means easy to explain. If the dissolution is simply the consequence of Mr. Leslie's intended secession from the duties of what Jules Janin used to call "a public amuser," the choir, which he has so efficiently framed, might continue its labours under another chief. To replace Mr. Leslie at the head of "Mr. Leslie's own Choir" would be difficult but not impossible. There was nothing new of any importance in the programme of the first concert, the most conspicuous features of which were the admirable performances of J. S. Bach's Motet in B flat (for double choir) and Schubert's beautifully impressive setting, for women's voices, of the 23rd Psalm ("The Lord is My Shepherd"). The solo singers were Madame Patey and Mr. Joseph Maas. At the second concert we are promised, among other interesting things, Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone*, and Beethoven's violin concerto, played by Joachim.

WAIFS.—Mr. Arthur Sullivan leaves New York for England a fortnight hence. He has accepted the offer of the Leeds Committee to conduct their Festival, for which he is writing a new oratorio.—There are to be grand doings at Moscow next August, including performances of Italian opera, national drama, with or without music, out-door fêtes of every kind, masked balls, &c., to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the present Czar's accession to the throne.—The most recent number of Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" contains a very interesting and exhaustive article on Mendelssohn, from the editor's own pen, which gives it double value.—The opening of the new Opera-house at Frankfort-on-the-Main, calculated to accommodate 2,000 spectators, is fixed for the first week of September next.—*Lohengrin* is in preparation at the San Carlo, Naples, where Wagner is at present residing. The first performance, it is stated by Neapolitan journals, will be directed by the ineffable composer himself.—At the second concert of the Philharmonic Society (too late for notice in this week's impression), M. Scharwenka played his pianoforte concerto in B flat minor, and a "concert-overture" (MS.) by Mr. Harold Thomas, entitled *Mountain, Lake, and Moorland*, was introduced for the first time. This time-honoured institution seems to have touched the earth, like Antaeus—or, which is an equivalent, felt the pulse of the times, and thereby acquired strength and vigour enough to defy many an antagonistic Hercules for days to come.—Madame Albani is singing in Brussels. The secret of the cabal against the accomplished Canadian at Milan is well known, and rated at its just estimate. The Milanese amateurs were to be pitied, not Madame Albani.

#### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FEBRUARY 12 TO FEBRUARY 18 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The period opened with mild, fair weather, and the barometer rose steadily during the greater part of Thursday (12th inst.) and Friday (13th inst.), while light breezes from the south-west were experienced. On the evening of Friday (13th inst.), however, the barometer began to fall rather quickly, and the weather on Saturday (14th inst.) changed to rainy and squally, with a freshening breeze from the southward. On the same evening the barometer fell slackened considerably, and Sunday morning (15th inst.) opened fair and bright, but the favourable change did not last long, for at about midday the mercury began to fall very decidedly, and in the evening the wind increased to a moderate gale from S.E., with heavy rain. This state of things was caused by the approach of a very decided depression, or low pressure area, towards our south-west coasts, and as the depression travelled northward over our western coasts, the wind in London increased to a strong gale from the south-east, and blew with great violence during the greater part of Monday morning (16th inst.). At about midday, however, the barometer began to rise, the wind to lull, and the weather to improve, but in the course of the night another depression came up over France, and, passing quickly over us, caused a very severe gale from the south and south-west, and some very heavy showers. The weather cleared quickly in the rear of this depression, and the greater part of Tuesday (16th inst.) was fair, while the absence of any fresh disturbance on Wednesday (18th inst.) caused a continuance of fair, though cloudy, skies. The temperature changes during the week have not been remarkable. The barometer was highest (30.23 inches) on Friday (13th inst.); lowest (28.86 inches) on Tuesday (17th inst.); range, 1.37 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (55°) on Monday (15th inst.) and Wednesday (18th inst.); lowest (35°) on Thursday (12th inst.); range, 25°. Rain fell on six days. Total amount, 6.68 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.35 inches, on Monday (16th inst.).

#### MESSRS. AGNEW'S EXHIBITION

AMONG the numerous Art-Exhibitions established by private commercial enterprise, the collections of pictures periodically displayed by Messrs. T. Agnew and Sons have for some years past held an important place. In no degree does the Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings now on view at their spacious Gallery in Old Bond Street fall short of its predecessors. The larger portion of the works are by living artists, and many of them will be recognised as old acquaintances; but some of the best are now exhibited for the first time. Of these one of the most striking is Mr. Peter Graham's large drawing, "Benighted on the Moor," in which a transient and impressive atmospheric effect is reproduced with extraordinary fidelity. Besides being one of his best works, it serves to show that the artist has acquired a complete mastery over the technical difficulties of water-colour painting. By another Scotch painter who, unlike Mr. Graham, has hitherto been quite unknown in London, Mr. R. Anderson, there are two large and excellent pictures, "Carting Seaweed, Lunan Bay," and "Sheep-Shearing," in both of which figures and landscape are most skilfully combined. They are remarkable not less for their truth of tone and masterly handling than for the artistic way in which the different elements of the com-

position are brought into harmony. Among several very able drawings by Mr. E. Ellis, "The After-Glow, Vale of Towy," is especially noteworthy for its low-toned harmony of colour and truth of effect. Sir John Gilbert's two pictures, "Banquet at Lucentio's House" and "Malvolio," display his accustomed skill in composition and arrangement of colour, but they are not very dramatic in treatment or very strong in characterisation. Mr. G. D. Leslie's single figure, "The Nut Brown Maid," is very delicately painted, and, like all his works of the kind, is distinguished by refined but somewhat inane beauty. Besides some drawings that have been exhibited before by Mr. H. S. Marks, there is an admirably humorous little drawing, "Intellect and Instinct," differing in some important particulars from the oil picture of the same subject which appeared at the Academy last year.

The pictures by deceased painters, though not very numerous, constitute an important section of the display. Of Turner's three drawings, that of "Patterdale"—in his earlier manner—strikes us as the best; but they are all small and unimportant. David Cox is, however, admirably represented by a large and airy view of "Lancaster Sands," seen under the influence of a stormy sky, and by a pastoral landscape, "The Stubble Field;" in which the impression of bright daylight is most vividly conveyed. Between these fine works there is a good example of De Wint's cultivated style, "Lancaster," a picture of very large size, admirable alike for its general truth of effect and sound and solid execution. By Holland there are two Venetian studies, "Santa Maria" and "At Venice," both full of light and air and strikingly true in local colour; and by Prout several drawings, of which that representing "The Sibyl's Temple at Tivoli" is infinitely the best.



A "MISTAKE."—It has often been said that policemen will swear for anything, and we have somewhere seen an attempt to account for this alleged lack of respect for the sacred character of an oath, on the principle that familiarity breeds contempt. The other day a "mistake" occurred in the Hull Police Court, illustrative of this professional disregard for truth. Two men were in custody, one Matthews for stealing a ring from a jeweller's shop, the other Axellson for burglary. The first-mentioned charge was taken first, and as the identity of the person placed in the dock was sworn to, he was convicted and sentenced, after which, to the astonishment of everybody, it was discovered that Axellson had been brought up instead of Matthews, and curiously enough had pleaded guilty, believing that he was being tried for housebreaking. This was accounted for by his being somewhat deaf, but, as the men were entirely unlike each other, what shall we say to the intelligent constable who swore that Axellson was Matthews, and naively said that his mistake arose from thinking that the prisoner had possibly shaved his whiskers off?

MR. J. MORTIMER, the editor of the *London Figaro*, is now a free man, his imprisonment for the inadvertent publication of a libel, having been shortened by eleven days by Mr. Cross. He has issued a circular, thanking the proprietors, editors, and staff of over five hundred newspapers for signing the petition for his release; and announcing that he will shortly publish a diary of his experiences and observations in the Debtors' Prison, Holloway, during nearly three months' daily association with debtors of all degrees, in which he will endeavour to prove that imprisonment for debt is, in every instance, either iniquitous or a laughable absurdity.

DANGEROUS PERFORMANCES.—A serious accident happened at a music hall at Leeds the other night. One Herr Holtum, who calls himself the "King of the Cannon," and whose most wonderful feat consists in catching a ball fired from a cannon, had offered a prize of 50/- to any one who could catch the ball in a similar way. Three men came forward in response to the challenge, and the first to make the attempt was a labourer named Fenton, who was struck by the projectile on the head, the result being a compound fracture of the skull, which it is quite possible may end fatally. Herr Holtum has been arrested, and charged with malicious wounding.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES was last week sued at Cardiff for the non-delivery of his lecture on "Zululand" at Newport. The plaintiff, who had engaged the hall, was, it appears, dissatisfied with Mr. Forbes's proposal to hurry over the lecture in order to catch a train, and Mr. Forbes left without addressing the audience which had assembled. He now claimed 100/- damages for expense of advertising, &c. The jury, however, thought that Mr. Forbes was justified in his conduct, and therefore found a verdict for him.

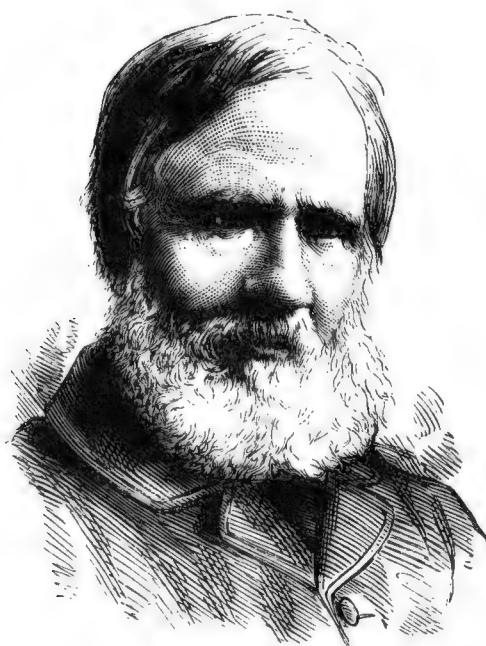
PRIVATE EXECUTIONS.—On Tuesday at Manchester, Michael Cassidy was hanged for the murder of his wife, whom he had burnt to death as she lay in bed, he having poured paraffin oil over her and then set fire to the clothes. The execution took place within the prison walls, and not only were newspaper reporters excluded, but the gaol officials refused to give any information to them. This conduct, it seems, led to the holding of the inquest outside instead of inside the gaol. The only evidence taken was that of the deputy governor and the surgeon, and the jury returned a formal verdict of "Death by Hanging," adding in a rider an expression of a wish that in future at executions reporters of the Press should be allowed to be present; a presentment which the Coroner promised to forward to the Home Secretary.

THE REV. NEWMAN HALL is now completely divorced from his wife, the decree having been made absolute on Tuesday, when no opposition was offered to the application. The lady has, however, since written to *The Times* saying that she is anxious that it should be understood that this was done without any notice whatever to her, and that otherwise she would have attended the Court to protest against the verdict recorded against her, from which she would have appealed, but that she felt she had no chance of obtaining the sanction of the judge. She adds that after the trial several of the jurymen assured her solicitor that they had intended to give her their verdict, but that the judge's charge left them no option. She is advised that in every other court in the realm an appeal is referred to other judges than the one who tried the case, but that in the Divorce Court his sanction is necessary. To the mind of a woman, smarting under a sense of cruel wrong, these things, she says, are unintelligible.

ANNOYING A MINISTER.—At St. Helier's, Jersey, a lady has been sent to prison for a fortnight, in default of finding bail to the amount of 10/- for her good conduct, she having persistently annoyed the minister of St. Luke's Church by sitting close to the pulpit and coughing and blowing her nose for the purpose of distracting his attention.

A STRANGE STATEMENT was made the other day at the Hammersmith Police Court by a domestic servant, who was charged with stealing two marked sovereigns belonging to her employer. She said that she had begun to steal money six months ago, being tempted to do so by finding a purse in a room which she was set to clean. After taking the first sovereign, and buying a pair of boots, she felt frightened, and began crying in the streets, and she gave the rest to a man and woman who asked her what was the matter.

(Continued on page 206.)



THE LATE WILLIAM M'COMBIE, OF TILLYFOUR, THE  
DISTINGUISHED CATTLE BREEDER  
Died Feb. 1, aged 74



EDWARD CLARKE, ESQ., M.P. FOR SOUTHWARK

#### THE NEW MEMBER FOR SOUTHWARK

THE result of the Southwark election is admittedly a heavy blow to the Liberal party; for, although all saw the folly of running two candidates against one, and anticipated that this division of the house against itself would cause its downfall, no one appears to have thought it possible that in a Radical Borough like Southwark a Tory candidate would actually poll more votes than both of his opponents put together, the figures recorded being—Clarke 7,683, Dunn 6,830, and Shipton 799. Each party has naturally enough its own theory of the causes which led to this unexpected issue, and the very severity of the defeat may possibly tend to the ultimate advantage of the Liberals, by opening their eyes with regard to certain subjects in time for the coming general election.

The new member, Mr. Edward Clarke, who took his seat in the House of Commons on Monday amid much cheering from the Ministerial benches, is a native of the City of London, where his father, Mr. J. G. Clarke, jeweller, was in business for many years. He was born in 1841, educated at the City Commercial Schools, Lombard Street, and afterwards became a student at Crosby Hall. He won the Society of Arts Prize for English Literature in 1856, and that for History in 1857, and in the following year, being at the head of the first Division in the Oxford Local Examination, became the first Associate in Arts. In 1859 he was one of the eight successful competitors from a crowd of 400 candidates for India Office appointments. He continued, at the India Office until 1860, when he retired, and became a law student at Lincoln's Inn, and at the same time joined the staff of the *Standard* newspaper as a literary reviewer, and that of the *Examiner* as a Parliamentary reporter. He was called to the Bar in 1864, and in 1866 published a treatise on "Extradition," which ran through a second edition in 1874. He goes the South-Eastern Circuit, and also practises at the Surrey Sessions. Mr. Clarke, who now enters Parliament for the first time, is the 144th new member who has taken his seat at St. Stephen's since the last general election, and his return is the gain of a seat to the Government, counting as two votes on a division, as the late member was a Liberal. Mr. Clarke is a member of the Provincial Committee of the National Union of Conservative Associations, and was one of the founders

of the Working Men's Club and Institute Unions.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside and Regent Street.

#### WILLIAM M'COMBIE

THIS distinguished agriculturist died on the 1st inst. at his residence at Tillyfour, Aberdeenshire, in his seventy-fifth year. He was born where he died, namely, at the Home Farm of Tillyfour, which belonged to his father. He was educated at the parish school and at Aberdeen. His father, who was a large dealer in lean cattle, wished him to adopt one of the learned professions; but he soon showed that his heart was in his father's calling, only upon a different method, suited to the changes introduced by railways and other improvements. In his father's day the lean cattle were driven from the north to be fattened in the south; but the younger M'Combie decided that the whole business might be done in Aberdeenshire. He devoted himself to the breeding and feeding of black-polled cattle, and to the cultivation of some 1,200 acres of arable land. His name soon became famous, and he won innumerable prizes. He repeatedly carried the championship at Birmingham, he won Prince Albert's cup at Poissy in 1862, the blue riband at Smithfield in 1866, and the group prize at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. In 1868 (and again in 1874) he was elected M.P. for the Western Division of Aberdeen. He was the first tenant farmer returned from Scotland, and the second from Britain. Ill-health compelled him to resign in 1876, when, as a token of regard, his brother agriculturists established at Aberdeen a handsome annual prize commemorating his name and his connection with his favourite breed.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fradelle, 246, Regent Street, W.

#### OPENING OF THE PRINCE'S DOCK, BOMBAY

AFTER many years' discussion, Mr. Ormiston's project for a wet dock on the Elphinstone Estate was sanctioned by the Indian Government, the Prince of Wales laid the first stone November 11, 1875; Sir Richard Temple laid the last stone April 10th, 1879, and

formally opened the dock for traffic on New Year's Day, 1880. The total cost of the work will amount to about three-quarters of a million sterling.

The dock has an area of 30 acres of water; it is 1,460 feet long, and 1,000 feet wide, with a jetty at one end, along which sidings are laid from the Great Indian Peninsula Railway.

There are two entrances, spanned by a bridge 180 feet long, which revolves on the central pier. The gates and sluices are of greenheart timber, and are worked by hydraulic machines. An ample depth of water is provided in the dock, averaging, according to the state of the tide, from 22 feet to 30 feet on the sills.

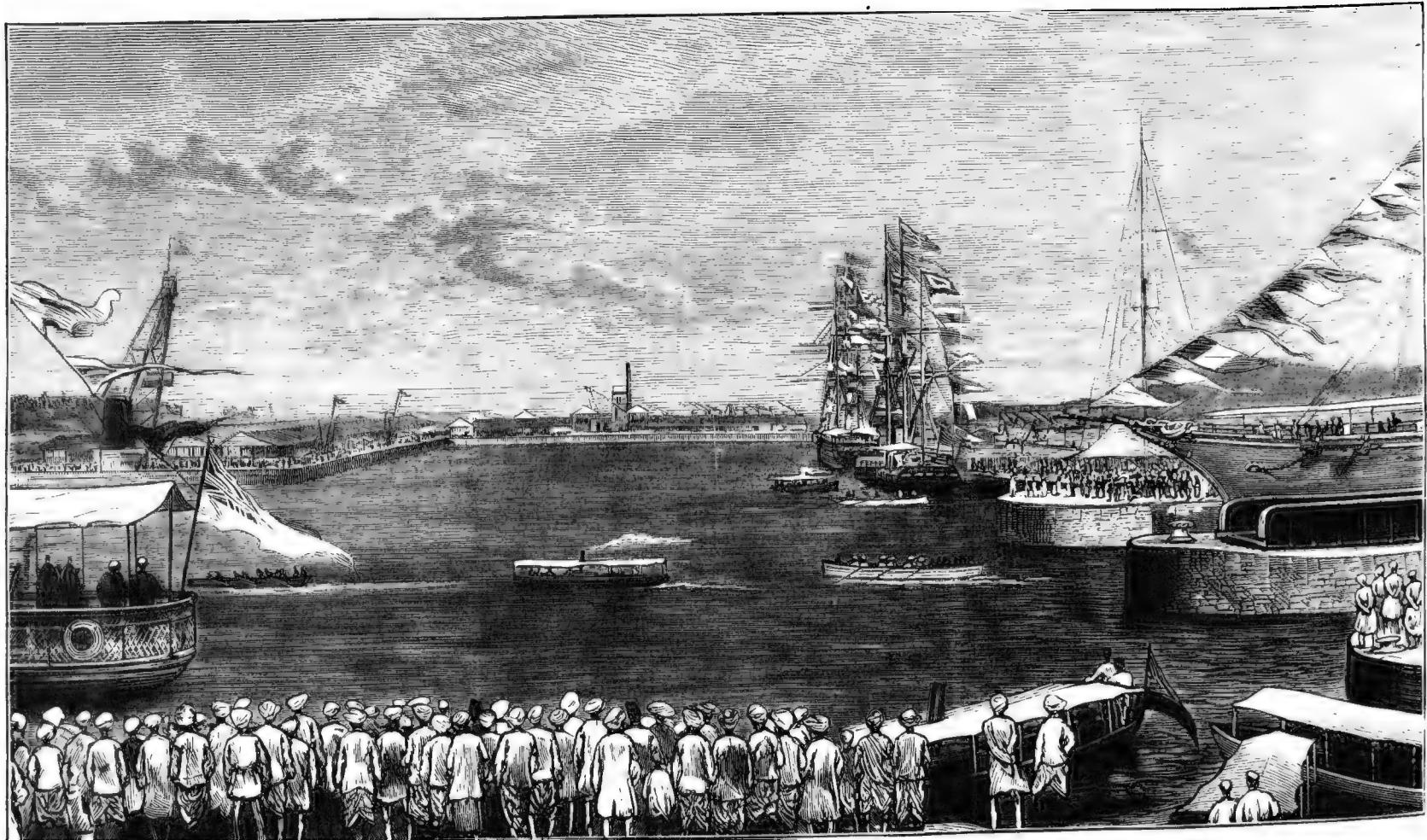
All the machinery in the dock is set in motion by a pair of compound engines pumping into an accumulator, which sends water under pressure all round the dock. After being used the water is returned through other pipes, and is used over again.

There are twenty movable hydraulic cranes placed at intervals round the dock for working cargo in and out of vessels. One of these cranes can raise 100 tons through a height of 40 feet, and with a rake of 55 feet. There are also hydraulic capstans for warping vessels in and out of the dock.

There are seven sheds, substantially built, with teak roofs and posts, and provided with sliding doors at intervals, so that they may be locked up as required. Six other sheds are in course of construction.

The Tulsi water is laid all round the wharfs, and is available from numerous hydrants to supply drinking water and in case of fire. The main pumping engine is also arranged to act as a fire engine. The excavation of the dock, about 1/4 million cubic yards, was deposited at Mody Bay, and formed an addition of thirty acres to the Port Trustees' estate there. There are over 170,000 cubic yards of masonry in the walls and entrances.

The Prince's Dock has been built from the designs and under the direction of Mr. Thomas Ormiston, M.I.C.E. (who in recognition of his services connected with the Bombay Harbour Improvements has lately been made a Companion of the Indian Empire), the Resident Engineer being his brother, Mr. G. E. Ormiston, M.I.C.E., assisted by Mr. Arthur Bedford, C.E.—The sketches and photographs from which our engraving is taken are furnished by Mr. John Griffiths, of the School of Art, Bombay.



SIR RICHARD TEMPLE OPENING THE NEW PRINCE'S DOCK, BOMBAY



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.

A truly great soul is not easily daunted ; and the greatness of Mr. Prouting's soul led him, after a few minutes' consideration, to squat down upon his heels below the door of the saloon, and apply his eye to the keyhole.

## LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

*Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.*

### CHAPTER III.

#### WHAT MR. PROUTING SAW THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

AT about nine o'clock in the evening—the evening of the day when Lord Brackenbury made his great purchase—two men, the one coming down, the other going up, met just below the first landing of the main staircase at the Hotel Feder. The one coming down was Ricciotto and Da Costa's head-clerk. The one going up was he who had valued the diamonds.

The workman stood aside, and touched his hat meekly. The head-clerk, sleek and self-important, passed him with a condescending "buona sera;" then looked back to see what he would do on reaching the landing.

He did just what Signore Giovanelli expected. Instead of attacking the next flight, he turned to the left and knocked at the first door in the corridor. It was opened by a tall gentlemanly-looking man with bushy light whiskers, a white cravat, and a gold chain festooned across his waistcoat.

Antonio pulled off his hat, and inquired deferentially for "Mi-lord Bracchi." He never dreamed that this distinguished looking person was mi-lord Bracchi's valet.

"Mi-lord Bracchi!" echoed the gentleman with the whiskers, looking down upon him with lofty contempt. "Well, I don't know. Is your name Antonio?"

Understanding no English, but recognising his own name, the workman nodded affirmatively, and, being told to "come in," followed mi-lord's valet through a half-lighted drawing-room where the dessert was yet standing on the table, and to a further door upon which his conductor tapped discreetly.

It was opened by Lord Brackenbury in person.

"Come in, Antonio," he said, in his fluent Italian. "You come early, but your work is ready for you."

It was a desert of a room, full of mirrors and marble-topped consoles and gilded furniture; and it was lit in the usual melancholy way by two or three pairs of yellow waxlights placed here and there on side-tables. A moderator lamp on the centre table cast, however a cheerful space of light on the objects immediately within its radius, these being an inkstand, a legal looking document, and the same brass-bound coffer which Antonio had seen at the banker's.

"Is there anything you will be likely to want?" asked Lord Brackenbury.

The workman, with a quick glance round the room, suggested "More light;" so Lord Brackenbury ordered another lamp.

"After which, Prouting," he added, "I shall want nothing more to-night. If any one asks for me, I am engaged, and cannot be interrupted."

Respectfully silent, Mr. Prouting withdrew; but reappearing presently with the lamp, requested to know at what hour my lord would take tea. My lord, however, repeated that he needed nothing more. Whereupon Mr. Prouting, ingeniously lingering, straightened the table-cloth, replaced the pens in the inkstand, and adjusted the lamps. Antonio, meanwhile, had taken from his pocket and opened upon the table, a shabby leather case full of steel implements of various sizes. These implements, which looked like instruments of torture, awakened such a lively curiosity in Mr. Prouting's soul that he found it necessary to regulate the lamps again.

"That will do, Prouting," said Lord Brackenbury, impatiently. "I shall not want you again. You may go."

Mr. Prouting retired with dignity, well knowing that he could find some good and sufficient reason for coming in again presently. Scarcely had he closed the door, however, when the key grated in the lock.

Being a gentleman of keen susceptibilities, Mr. Prouting felt this blow severely. So severely, that he was obliged to have recourse to a glass of his lord's madeira. Was ever such a monstrous indignity? With what object was he locked out? What did that brass-bound box contain? Who was Antonio? What was his trade? What was he going to do with those wicked-looking tools? What, in short, was the mystery?

Now the one thing that Mr. Prouting loathed was a mystery. A sealed letter, a conversation in a foreign tongue, a locked door, were his favourite aversions. Was it not his chartered right to hear everything, to see everything, to know my lord's business at least as well as my lord knew it himself, if not better? Words are weak to express Mr. Prouting's disgust when he found himself locked out on the present occasion.

But a truly great soul is not easily daunted; and the greatness of Mr. Prouting's soul led him, after a few minutes' consideration, to squat down upon his heels before the door of the saloon, and apply his eye to the keyhole. For not only had experience taught him that a turned key leaves a sure field for observation, but foresight and the natural bent of an enquiring mind had led him to place the centre table of the saloon, and the chair that his master usually occupied, well within range of the keyhole. So to arrange the furniture on arriving at a fresh hotel was Mr. Prouting's invariable custom; and in some of his former situations, it had been the means of procuring him much legitimate entertainment. Not so, however, during the eighteen months that he had served

his present master. In Lord Brackenbury's simple and solitary way of life, there was in fact nothing to observe. At home, he hunted, shot, and amused himself less than any of his neighbours; went very little into society; hated London; spent his evenings for the most part in his library; and was mainly given to long walks with no other companion than his dog, his hook, or his gun. Abroad, he had drifted from Paris to Cannes, from Cannes to Nice, from Nice to Genoa, in just the same humdrum fashion. He made no acquaintances, avoided the people he knew, and as soon as he found himself within reach of the coast, instead of his usual solitary rambles, lived half his time drifting about in an open boat. He did not even spend his money freely. Not that he was either poor or miserly, but apparently because he took too little interest in the things that travellers usually covet. A more uninteresting and a more unprofitable master, from Mr. Prouting's point of view, it would have been difficult to find. Between the Land's End and Berwick-upon-Tweed. He would wear the same old boating suit for two years, and was worth nothing to his valet in the way of perquisites. He had not even any secrets for Mr. Prouting to find out—neither debts, billets-doux, nor complications of any kind. His private correspondence was of the most common-place description, and consisted of a few lines now and then to his steward, his lawyer, or his younger brother, and a letter once a week to his affianced bride.

To-day, then, after a year and a half of insufferable monotony, Mr. Prouting scented a mystery.

What he first saw on putting his eye to the keyhole was Lord Brackenbury standing by the table with his back towards the door; the workman sitting opposite; the brass-bound coffer between them. Lord Brackenbury had apparently just unlocked the coffer, and was in the act of taking out the contents of the first tray. One by one, he lifted the jewels from their velvet bed and laid them before Antonio on the table. One by one, he emptied and removed each tray in succession. Mr. Prouting gasped for breath as his eye caught the glitter of the diamonds.

Antonio then took a bracelet from the heap, and his little magnifying glass from his waistcoat pocket; selected a delicate little pair of steel forceps from among his tools, screwed the glass into his right eye, and proceeded very rapidly to bend and cut asunder the silver setting which held the stones together.

Mr. Prouting watched them drop out upon the table; saw Lord Brackenbury count them and Antonio divide them into three little heaps, sorting them apparently according to their size. This done, another and another jewel was subjected to the same process; the workman performing his task with surprising dexterity,

and the precious little heaps becoming momentarily larger. By and by, bracelets, tiara, and aigrette having been broken up in succession, Antonio began upon a handful of the smaller objects.

"Does the Signore wish this old ring taken to pieces?" he asked. "The stones are small, and will be worth very little."

It was an old-fashioned portrait-ring, shield-shaped, set round with a single row of small brilliants and surmounted by a crown.

Lord Brackenbury put it on his finger, drew the lamp nearer, and, recognising the Spanish gift of which Signore Moro had told him, examined it with some interest.

"You are right," he said. "It is a curious old ring; but the diamonds are valueless. I will keep it as it is."

Mr. Prouting was no Italian scholar; but he noted the looks and gestures, and made a shrewd guess at their meaning.

Lord Brackenbury meanwhile kept the ring upon his finger, and Antonio went on with his work. Pausing every now and then, he inquired, apparently, whether certain of the smaller jewels should be spared or not; and, when answered, broke them up. So by degrees the glittering pile diminished, the three little heaps increased, and the table became strewn with scraps of jagged silver.

Fast as he worked, it was long past midnight when Antonio sorted the last diamonds. Seeing him in the act of replacing his tools in their case and Lord Brackenbury taking out his purse, Mr. Prouting withdrew, closing the door noiselessly behind him and retreating upstairs to the next landing. There he waited, secure against observation; and, by the dim light of the oil lamp which glimmered after midnight in the corridor, saw Antonio presently go down into the hall, and with a muttered "Buona notte" to the night-porter, pass out into the street.

About ten minutes later, Mr. Prouting, armed with a tray containing lemons, sugar, a tumbler and a water carafe, walked boldly into the salon, and surprised Lord Brackenbury in the act of making up his diamonds into a number of small packets, one of which he was at that moment folding and sealing.

He looked up impatiently.

"I said I should not want you again to-night," he said, frowning.

"Beg pardon, my lord; but meeting Mr. Antonio just now in the 'all,' I concluded your lordship was not gone to bed, and thought you would like your lemonade as usual."

Mr. Prouting, speaking and moving with even more than his accustomed deliberation, took note of everything upon the table. Nothing escaped him; neither the sealed packets, nor the piles of diamonds; nor the belt of chamois-leather which lay beside them, and in which his master, when travelling, was wont to carry money and bills of exchange. It needed no preternatural sagacity to divine at once that Lord Brackenbury was preparing to stock the belt with diamonds, and to carry his treasure upon his person. Mr. Prouting observed also that the legal-looking document was gone, and that the brass-bound cofier had been removed to one of the side-tables.

Lord Brackenbury looked annoyed.

"Having brought the tray, you may leave it," he said; "but remember in future that I want nothing I have not ordered."

"Very good, my lord."

"And that when I say I shall not require you again, I desire not to be interrupted."

Mr. Prouting repeated his "Very good, my lord," and moved sedately towards the door; then paused, and added:—

"Your lordship desired me to inquire about a travelling carriage."

"Yes; have you heard of one?"

"There were two here to-day, my lord—a light one-horse trap from some place inland, with a single gentleman; and a good return *calèche* from Nice with a pair of greys."

"Would the last suit me?"

"Suit you exactly, I should say, my lord—good springs, and not too heavy for the hills. I spoke to the driver. He belongs to the town, and would be willing to leave his horses here and take posters, if your lordship preferred them."

"And his price?"

"From here to Pisa, my lord, by way of the coast, thirty napoleons with his own horses; but if with post-horses, your lordship will have to make a special arrangement."

"Say that I will see him and his carriage to-morrow morning at ten."

"Very good, my lord."

"Have you inquired about the state of the roads?"

"Yes, my lord. There is still snow on the high ground somewhere between here and Spezzia; but otherwise the roads are in good order."

"And safe, of course?"

"Safe as the streets of London, according to all accounts, my lord. No one travels with an escort in these parts, but the Government courier."

"Enough. I shall not want you again to-night."

Mr. Prouting, with his hand upon the door, murmured his customary "Very good, my lord."

"And look here, Prouting—if I had reason to suppose that you ever talked amongst the servants and couriers down yonder about anything you hear or—see—in my rooms," said Lord Brackenbury, with a hesitating glance at the diamonds, "I would dismiss you from my service at a minute's notice."

Mr. Prouting stared at the three precious piles with all his might, and coughed significantly.

"My discretion, my lord, has never been called in question," he replied with an air of injured dignity.

"So much the better. You can go."

Mr. Prouting made as if he was about to speak; lingered for a moment; then reluctantly withdrew.

Again Lord Brackenbury turned the key upon his faithful valet; again that faithful valet ostentatiously opened and shut the dining-room and ante-room doors, came noiselessly back, and applied his eye to the keyhole as before.

But the main action of the drama was over, and what now followed was scarcely worth the trouble of observing. He saw Lord Brackenbury dispose of the rest of the diamonds in some eight or ten little packets; seal each packet with his signet; stow the whole away in the pockets of his travelling-belt: then fetch his despatch-box, and settle down, apparently, to a night of hard writing. For more than half-an-hour, Mr. Prouting watched the travelling of his pen. At first he seemed to be copying the contents of certain papers which he set up, one by one, against the pedestal of the nearest lamp. He then took out a packet of letters—read some, dipped into others, and set to work, apparently, to answer them. Except that he paused now and then to refer back, or to lean his cheek upon his hand and think, he wrote on incessantly.

At last even Mr. Prouting's curiosity tired. Cramped and almost crippled, he straightened himself with difficulty, and crept away to bed.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A FESTA-DAY ON THE RIVIERA

LORD BRACKENBURY, although he had spoken of beginning his southward journey on the morrow, did not start, after all, till the morning of the second day following his great purchase. In the meanwhile, he inspected the *calèche*, made terms with the driver, and was out (probably on the water) during the greater part of the intervening day. He came back to his hotel, at all events, late and tired, on the Monday evening, and went to bed early, giving orders for the carriage to be at the door by nine.

By nine, therefore, Alessandro Crepi, licensed vetturino No. 47, native and citizen of Genoa, commonly known as "Sandro Quaranta-Sette," brought his *calèche* round with a mighty clatter, and drew up at the door of the Hotel Feder.

There was not, at the time of which I am writing, a more popular *vetturino* on the road than Sandro Quaranta-Sette, or a vehicle more steadily in request than the "leathern convenience" which now awaited my Lord Brackenbury's pleasure. Roomy but not unwieldy, provided with numberless straps, pockets, and hiding-places, hung light and high, lined with spotless dimity, and yellow outside as an orange, this irreproachable family conveyance was generally to be seen at the heels of a pair of sturdy greys driven by Sandro himself. Lord Brackenbury, however, preferred posting; so the yellow *calèche* appeared on the present occasion behind four gaunt roadsters and two shabby postillions; while Sandro, with a rose behind his ear and a cigarette in his mouth, sat in idle dignity upon the box.

The usual knot of street urchins, porters, and miscellaneous idlers gathered at once about the carriage-door; a couple of porters in white jackets came hurrying out with sundry portmanteaus and hat-boxes; Mr. Prouting appeared on the steps with his master's dressing-case and railway-rug; and a lively cross-fire of "chaff" in the purest Genoese patois was immediately opened between the bystanders on the pavement and the porters who were strapping the luggage to the roof.

As Mr. Prouting descended the steps with his wonted dignity, half a dozen brown hands were thrust forward to open the carriage door and relieve him of his burden. The owners of the hands took him for "mi-lord," and he accepted the compliment as his due. The same tribute had been paid many a time before to the glitter of his gold chain and the magnitude of his whiskers; and it in a manner consoled Mr. Prouting for the despotism of circumstances and the irony of fate.

Lord Brackenbury came out a minute or two later, followed by the bowing landlord and the obsequious head-waiter; whereupon Mr. Prouting had in his turn to hold the door, and touch his hat, and finally to scramble into the rumble, which feat he performed amid a circle of grinning faces and a shower of unintelligible banter.

And now, with an ostentatious cracking of whips and a tremendous show of rattling off at a gallant pace, the yellow *calèche* rumbled away from the door of the Hotel Feder. But it is not easy to go far at a gallant pace in the picturesque city of Genoa; and the little crowd was scarcely left out of sight before the postillions turned their horses' heads towards a labyrinth of steep and narrow streets up which it was only possible to drag the carriage at a walk—streets such as the traveller sees nowhere save in Italy in old towns by the sea; streets where the houses seem to have grown out of the rocks, and to be a part of them, and the rugged basement-stones are green with slime, and the old wrought-iron balconies are eaten through with rust, and the causeway under foot, worn by the traffic of centuries, is furrowed like the restless waters of the bay; streets where the sky overhead is a strip of burning blue seen between mouldering cornices and jutting eaves where swallows build, and the wandering thistle-down strikes root, and the sea-gull seeks refuge when storms sweep up from the sea.

It would seem at first sight as easy to sail a ship up one of the old Genoese side-streets as to get any four-wheeled and four-horsed vehicle over such pavement, and up such steep inclines; but they are more crowded, as a rule, than the broader and easier thoroughfares; and the yellow *calèche*, lumbering laboriously uphill through a succession of by-streets barely wide enough for two *caretti* abreast, encountered a downward stream of foot-passengers, hand-trucks, market-carts, and hired vehicles of every description.

For it was high holiday in Genoa—the *festa* of some popular saint, in whose honour the picturesque old city was all astir this bright changeable morning. A busy, noisy, joyous day! In the air, clash and clang of bells; in the harbour, a flutter of many-coloured flags; on all the church-doors, flaunting draperies of crimson and yellow; in the streets, crowds of women in white veils, priests, mendicant-friars, weather-beaten sailors with rings in their ears, and fishermen with gay sashes wound about their waists, and red caps on their heads; in every dark shopwindow and under every gloomy basement arch, piles of gaudy stuffs and pyramids of green and brown pottery; before every little street-corner Madonna, a flickering oil-lamp and a handful of flowers in a cheap vase; and in every open space, stalls for the sale of fruit, flowers, vegetables, rosaries, wax-tapers, toys, trinkets, ballads, fried fish, roasted chestnuts, and the like. It was real Genoese weather, too; wild and variable, bursts of brilliant sunshine alternating with sudden gusts of rain—each rain-storm converting the streets into moving *parterres* of huge overblown umbrellas, red, blue, green, and parti-coloured, while the pavement under foot became a network of miniature water-courses rushing turbulently downwards to the level of the quays.

Upon Lord Brackenbury, buried moodily in a corner of the *calèche*, upon Mr. Prouting, scowling at Fortune from the rumble, these picturesque sights and sounds were thrown away. Not so, however, upon Sandro Quaranta-Sette, who saw everything, enjoyed everything, pulled off his hat to the priest, flung a copper to the blind cripple at the crossing, and had a nod and a laugh for every one that passed—for his fellow *vetturini* as well as for their carriage-loads of buxom peasant-women and uproarious children; for the *al-fresco* cook selling polenta and roast chestnuts; for the pedlar with his tray of knives, scissors, combs, and pocket-mirrors; for the vendors of rosaries and missal-markers, who made counters of the church steps for the display of their pious wares; for the copper-smith hammering away under the archway, and the basket-maker weaving rushes at his shop-door, and the cobbler mending shoes in his stall; for the gaping peasant with a green bough in his hat; for the shabby Custom House officials at the city gate; and even for the sentries in their sentry-boxes at the head of the drawbridge, where the carriage passed the line of fortifications, and the road, still trending upwards, led out in the direction of the sea.

And now, for some miles of the way, they continued to meet a stream of holiday-makers bound for Genoa. Sometimes it was a party of Capuchin friars striding manfully along, with their brown skirts tucked up through their knotted girdles; ora detachment of bare-headed Seminarists in black gowns, under the escort of a couple of Jesuits; or a wild-looking *Contadino* clad, like Robinson Crusoe, in jacket and breeches of undressed goat-skin; or, more often still, a creaking *caretta* full of laughing girls, drawn by a rough little nag with a wonderful headgear, all brass ornaments, fringes, and scarlet tassels. Further still, as the distance became greater and the day wore on, this tide of wayfarers gradually ceased. Meanwhile, from every fishing village nestled hundreds of feet below on the brink of the blue sea, there rose a faint echo of church-bells; and in one little hamlet where the wayside church was all too small for the numbers who had come to worship within its walls, there knelt outside in the dust of the road and the glare of noon a silent crowd to whom the words of the priest were inaudible, but for whom there was prayer and thanksgiving enough in the chanting of the acolytes and the tinkling of the bell.

Shortly after midday, having changed horses twice since leaving Genoa, Sandro Quaranta-Sette put up for an hour at a quaint little town, fantastically built, roof below roof, in a ravine opening down so steeply to the beach, that it looked as if a cataract of houses had tumbled over the cliff two or three hundred years ago, and taken root among the ledges of the rocks. A dizzy road, carved out in zigzags, led down to this little town; and there were clusters of fan-palms on the heights above; and rows of black fishing-boats

drawn up on the sands below; and on the verge of a jutting promontory some mile or two farther along the shore, a wide-fronted, many-windowed convent surrounded by cypresses.

Here, too, it was all *Festa* to-day—streets and market-place crowded with idlers; men playing at morra, women gossiping, bells ringing, church doors standing open, and a lingering perfume of incense in the air. There was but one inn in the place—a rambling old house with kitchen and stable on the ground floor, and a big dirty dining-room upstairs, full of country folk eating, drinking, smoking, and making merry. Here Mr. Prouting, not without sundry painful misgivings as to the inferiority of his surroundings, sat down with Sandro Quaranta-Sette to a sort of rustic *table d'hôte* dinner, while Lord Brackenbury strolled into the church to see a certain miracle-working picture of the Madonna, which was the glory and pride of the place.

It had been washed ashore one night during a great storm about eight years ago, said the old sacristan, who was trimming the lamps for the Vesper service; "since when, with the blessing of Our Lady and all the Saints, it had wrought many famous cures."

Lord Brackenbury looked, listened, and gravely smiled.

Like the generality of miracle-working pictures, it was a miserable daub.

"Does it cure all diseases alike, or is it good for only certain ailments?" he asked.

The sacristan shook his head.

"Altro, altro," he said, doubtfully; "our people come hither to pray for relief from ophthalmia and rheumatism."

"And they obtain it?"

"Undoubtedly, Signore—undoubtedly."

The Madonna squinted, and her nose was sadly out of drawing. Lord Brackenbury thought to himself that so benevolent a Madonna might as well have been better looking. Perhaps his face betrayed his thoughts; for the old man, drawing a faded curtain over the picture, said somewhat sharply:—

"It is very old; no one knows how old—and it has the beauty of holiness."

To this incontrovertible assertion, Lord Brackenbury made the only answer open to an Englishman and a sceptic. He took out his purse, gave the sacristan a piece of money, and with a pleasant "Buon giorno" walked out again into the sunshine.

The old man looked at the coin, looked after the giver, looked at the coin again, and, with a chuckle of self-gratulation, pocketed the same.

"Per Bacco!" he muttered, lapsing into temporary Paganism. "A scudo—a whole scudo! And I took him for a heretic!"

From the church, Lord Brackenbury went down again to the beach, where the empty fishing-boats were drawn up in a long straggling row, battered, water-worn, casting pure violet shadows on the white sands, with here and there an orange-tawny sail, or a much-mended net spread over the oars to dry. Here, among coils of rope, and empty fish-baskets, and rusty anchors, and piles of shells and driftwood and withered seaweed, and the picturesque litter proper to a Mediterranean fishing-village, Lord Brackenbury sat him down upon a little creaking capstan and watched the slow wash of the sea as it broke in creamy curves against the shore.

Two children, a boy and a girl, came to him presently and asked, half shyly, half boldly, for "one little soldo."

"A soldo? What would you do with it?"

The boy hung back; the little girl hid her face against her brother's shoulder. A bronzed, bare-footed, amphibious little pair, to whom the sands, and the rocks, and the shells, and the sea-weeds were as green slopes and wild flowers to the children of inland hills and valleys.

Lord Brackenbury beckoned them to come closer.

"What would you do with it?" he repeated.

Still they were silent, but seeing his fingers stray in the direction of his waistcoat-pocket, they ventured a foot or two nearer.

Lord Brackenbury took out two little silver half-lire of Genoese currency, value about fourpence each—a coin long since gone the way of the Roman *Paul* and the Neapolitan *Carlino*.

"I will buy oranges!" said the boy, his eyes sparkling, his hand outstretched.

"And this little maiden?"

The boy gave her a push, and Lord Brackenbury, still withholding his coins, drew her gently to his side.

"What is your name?" he asked.

The boy answered for her:—

"Felicità."

"And yours?"

"Giovanni."

"Ecco, Felicità. Giovanni has answered—therefore I give him not a soldo, but a mezzo-lire! The other is yours, when you tell me how you will spend it."

The boy's fingers closed eagerly on the coveted coin. Then, like a young savage, he sprang back, fearing lest the giver should repent him of his gift. Felicità, left with the terrible stranger, looked uncertain whether to howl or run away.

"What! quite dumb? Very well, then!—Felicità keeps her tongue to herself, and I keep my mezzo-lire!"

And, suiting the action to the word, Lord Brackenbury returned the money to his waistcoat-pocket.

The child's lip quivered, and two big shining drops slipped slowly down her cheeks.

The half lire was out again directly, and held before her eyes.

"Hush!—no tears, little one. See, now—what is it to be?"

Oranges?"

Felicità, staring at the coin through tears that magnified it to the size of a scudo, shook her head.

waveless, palpitating, melting into a golden haze on the horizon, the blue and dreamy sea.

"It would not be such a disagreeable world, after all, if there were no human beings in it!" muttered Lord Brackenbury.

(To be continued.)

### SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING-FIELD

#### NO. III.—THE FINISH

**FINIS CORONAT OPUS.**—An end must come to everything however pleasurable. There is something sad about the end of anything, even though, as a modern divine of excellent knowledge and wisdom has observed, it be the end of a period of sorrow and anxiety. Still there is an exception to all rules, and there is nothing sad about the end of a run with foxhounds, *i.e.*, if the run has been a good one and the *finale* a satisfactory kill. Those who are in at the death are perfectly happy, and the stragglers by no means regret that they have not been left further behind. In fact all concerned, riders, horses, and hounds, the fox alone excepted, are more than contented that the end has come.

Our illustration—"The Finish"—is the last of three "Sketches in the Hunting Field," of which "The Meet" and "The Rivals" were the two former, and the same chief characters, to whom at the outset we ventured to give "fancy" names, appear in each of the series. In "The Meet" Miss Diana Dashington and her grey were somewhat in the background, while Miss Florence Harkaway on her bay was conspicuous, as she chatted with the Hon. Charlie Middleton, a gallant Captain in the Guards, Master of the Gorsington Hounds, and already designated as one of the future M.P.'s for his county; and withal credited with being on the look out for a wife who would appreciate him and his sporting tastes, and not only this, but be able also to hold her own with the best across country. In "The Rivals" Miss Diana and Miss Florence were seen neck and neck taking a bank with low post and rails on the top of it, at the very tail of the hounds, with Dick Bullfinch a little to the left of them, and doubtless the handsome young M. F. H. handy, watching their prowess with admiration, and perhaps vowing a mental vow that if either can fairly claim the "brush" at the finish, her he will endeavour to make his bride. Whichever it may be, he probably is not altogether devoid of a comfortable consciousness, and even assurance, that his task will not be a very difficult one.

Conscious, too, were the fair Rivals that something more than winning the brush might be the result of that day's run; so they hold on their line, each fearful of losing sight of the other; no obstacle too big to daunt them, ditch, bank, bullfinches, hurdles, posts and rails, and nasty doubles being taken in their turn without flinching—*nec mora, nec requies*—there is no taking a quiet pull at their nags, no hussanding of resources; it is a ride for life, or let us say for love. But though fast their pace, and they continue to hold their place at the head of affairs, they have not distanced the field. The huntsman and whips are fairly with their hounds, and so is the M. F. H. determined not to lose sight of the plucky *equestriennes*. And now the end is drawing near; but not before the bay and grey are showing signs of having had enough of it, the bay especially, who is not so seasoned an animal as the grey, becoming slower every stride, and, indeed, experiencing the beginning of difficulties which neither the delicately though efficiently applied whip of Miss Florence or the half-concealed silver spur can overcome.

Reynard is now espied only two fields ahead, dragging his slow length along, and in less than five minutes the hounds race from scent to view, and pull him down beside a small wood for which he had been heading—a gallant fox of the good old sort, before "forineers" were imported to keep the game alive—who had led a straight and merry chase of an hour and twenty minutes without a check to speak of, and such an one as but few hunting men or women have witnessed during the present heart-breaking season. The grey was the first into the field of death, but the bay, who had gradually lost his place, blundered somewhat at an awkward gap, and Miss Diana got a clear lead of a hundred yards or more, which she further improved before the fox was pulled down almost under her very eye. She had actually stopped for a minute or so before the huntsman, next up, was out of his saddle; then followed the whips and the Hon. Charlie, side by side with Miss Florence, who received rather ungraciously his kindly-meant compliments, and retired somewhat apart to chat with young Squire Roton, Colonel Rasper, and others, who had come up.

The huntsman by this time had got the fox from the hounds, his pads are in his pocket, his head in his hand, and his remains have been broken up, and the hounds are resting, or rolling themselves, as is their wont, or quarrelling over a few remants of the luckless varmint. But note the Hon. Captain Charlie Middleton, M. F. H., is on his feet, cap in hand, tendering to Miss Diana Dashington the *spolia opima* of the chase, the brush, which is fairly hers by right as well as by courtesy. Whether at the same moment he tendered anything else, by word or look, we cannot say. The whip, holding his horse hard by, evidently has his eyes and ears open, and so, too, apparently has an inquisitive hound, which is holding up a peering and intelligent face.

Most graciously, and with smiles, blushes, and thanks profuse, Miss Dashington accepts the brush, and, as far as we know, all else (if anything) offered with it. *Palman que meruit ferat*—the brush in question is very likely to become an historic one, an object of reverence, and an heirloom in a certain family. Miss Florence, though but a few yards off, is, or appears to be, unconscious of the little scene enacted. She has our sincerest sympathies anyhow, and earnest hopes that she may win a good and gallant husband, every way as desirable as the Honourable Charlie.

### BURLESQUE PAST AND PRESENT

A HANDSOME set of volumes recently issued by Mr. Samuel French, the dramatic publisher in the Strand, is strikingly suggestive of the change that has come over the spirit of at least one variety of the drama during the last quarter of a century. The work alluded to is "The Extravaganzas of J. R. Planché." The date of the first of these, *Success; or, a Hit If You Like It*, performed at the Adelphi, is 1825; of the last, written for the German Reeds, 1871—a period embracing forty-six years, during which this species of composition rose, declined, and fell into decay. Planché's first attempt, however, goes back to a yet earlier date. This was a trifle, written in imitation of the old burlesque, *Bombastes Furioso*, and entitled *Amoroso, King of Little Britain*, brought out at Drury Lane in 1818, but which he has not considered worthy to be reprinted.

Burlesque or travestie is one of the most ancient forms of the drama, and has the honour of reckoning Aristophanes amongst its parents. During the last century it occasionally employed the pens of Fielding and Sheridan and of Henry Carey; but the number of such works is very small, a little of this kind of entertainment evidently went a long way with our ancestors, who preferred the solid beef and pudding of tragedy and comedy to such light kickshaws.

When Planché began to write, as the numerous minor theatres that were springing up year after year were prohibited by the patents of Drury Lane and Covent Garden from performing the legitimate drama, a new style of entertainment became necessary. Hence arose the melodrama, domestic drama, extravaganza, &c., which

were all licensed under the title of burlettas, and each was compelled to contain at least five pieces of vocal music in each act. Thus it is that we find songs and duets thrust in by the head and shoulders in such *mal-à-propos* situations in the dramas of this period.

This new demand brought a number of new writers to the fore, but Planché—and Charles Dance, who was his *collaborateur* in all his early works—may claim to be the first who naturalised the extravaganza, and rendered it a successful and permanent dramatic institution in this country. A visit to Paris made Planché acquainted with those, until then, peculiar forms of the French drama, the *Revue* and the *Féerie Folie*, and he became ambitious to imitate them. Fielding's "Pasquin," "Historical Register," &c., were early specimens of such satirical skits upon the passing events of the day as are the subjects of the *Revues*, and classical myth and legendary story had already been displayed from a grotesque point of view in *Midas, Chrononhotonthologos*, and one or two other old burlesques; but it was reserved for Planché to graft upon the coarseness of English wit the elegance and refinement of French *esprit*.

Mr. Buckstone's *Ascent of Mount Parnassus*, written to initiate his management of the Haymarket; *The Camp at the Olympic*, which introduced Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan as managers at that theatre; while Mr. Buckstone's *Voyage Round the Globe*, are excellent imitations of the *Revues*. In *Olympic Revels* and *Olympic Devils*, *The Golden Fleece*, *Theseus and Ariadne*, &c., he gave the comic side of the old classical myths with a delicacy unknown to his predecessors.

But his chief triumphs were won in a field until then unexplored by English playwrights—the fairy lore of France, as it is found in the pages of Perrault and the Countess d'Aulnoy. Here was a mine of wealth as yet unworked in this country ready to his hand. But such an innovation upon the subjects that had hitherto been solely resorted to for burlesque and extravaganza, "The Arabian Nights," "The Tales of the Genii," *Nursery Rhymes*, Lemprière's *Dictionary*, was regarded with much misgiving, and a few days before the production of the first of these, and one of the most charming, *Riquet with the Tuft*, the author was summoned by Madame Vestris to a cabinet council, in which it was seriously debated whether, then, at the eleventh hour, it would not be better to fall back upon one of the old classical favourites than to risk an experiment. These exquisite fairy tales, so full of poetry and of wisdom, have now been worn to death, but no Englishman has ever touched them with the same charm and refinement as Planché has. In his hands they never degenerate into nonsense, only that which is mean and ignoble is burlesqued, and although every character is humorously treated, no beautiful thought or creation is held up to ridicule, or to the laughter of coarse cynicism; street slang is never called in to eke out the shortness of wit, and when puns are introduced—and that is not too frequently—they are *real* puns appropriate to the situation, and not mere word torturings to which the programme should furnish keys, as being otherwise not understandable. What tenderness and poetic beauty there are underlying the comic phases of Riquet, his deformity becomes even pathetic in his love scene with the Princess, and yet the spirit and the humour never flags! Another charming piece is the *Sleeping Beauty*; the picture of the slumbering Court is a really fine bit of descriptive poetry:—

The porter in his arm-chair dozing sits,  
The cooks are nodding o'er their loaded spits;  
Yeomen in ranks in the grand chamber snore,  
The pages snooze upon the matted floor;  
Ladies and lords in waiting, footmen, grooms,  
Lie strewed like rushes all about the rooms;  
The dogs are curled up underneath the tables,  
The horses are all fast within the stables,  
The lady's lot the very fruit-trees share,  
I gathered as I passed a sleepy pear.

Equally admirable are *The Fair One with the Golden Locks* and *The Invisible Prince*. But it is almost invidious to emphasise two or three among so excellent a collection. And for what glorious *artistes* he wrote! There were James Bland, whom he justly styles "the king of extravaganza"; Charles Mathews and Frank Matthews, Harley, Hudson, Miss P. Horton, Mrs. Honey, Mrs. Frank Matthews; and above all Madame Vestris, of whom he says that since her time "no one has ever appeared possessing that peculiar combination of personal attraction, professional ability, and refined taste." These were but the cream of a company the skimmed milk of which would now be thought excellent. In *The Yellow Dwarf* he had the assistance of one of the greatest dramatic geniuses of our generation—Robson, who elevated extravaganza to tragedy. "His delivery," says the author, "of the lines, slightly parodied, from the wail of Othello over the dead body of Desdemona, moved Thackeray, 'albeit unmoved to the melting mood,' almost to tears. 'This is not a burlesque,' he exclaimed; 'it is an idyl!'" Planché was so fortunate as to devote himself to a style of composition exactly suited to the histrionic strength of his time.

Another charming writer in the same field, too soon lost to us, was Robert Brough. Mr. Byron struck out a path for himself, and in burlesques upon the old melodramas and popular operas did more by his grotesque satire to sweep away the stilted style and those conventionalities which time had rendered absurd and obsolete, and to bring into favour a natural and unexaggerated style of acting, than any other writer of the day. And in this he did good service; but he and his imitators produced so fast, that by-and-by all such subjects were exhausted, and even Lemprière and the Countess d'Aulnoy used up. Then the heroic characters of history and poetry were appropriated, and not with that delicate and reverent treatment which is so excellent a characteristic of Planché's extravaganzas, in which the heroic and the beautiful are never vulgarised; in place of the refined and sprightly music, varied by an occasional popular air, which Vestris and Mathews sang, we had concert hall ditties and breakdowns, atrocious puns bristled in every line, and no slang was considered too pronounced to be inadmissible; until there was nothing too high or too low, too beautiful or too horrible, for the pen of the burlesque writer.

Having exhausted the ridiculous side of the stage, the legitimate and the ideal were next attacked, and every actor and every play that became popular, however excellent and elevating they might be, were immediately travestied and brought down to the level of the gutter. So that it became almost impossible to witness any performance that rose above the commonplace without associating with it some vulgar and sordid image of burlesque. And the effects of this satire were not confined to the audience, they extended to the actors, whose efforts were often chilled by the fear of ridicule.

A notable exception to this school is Mr. Gilbert. In his hands the fairy extravaganza of Planché has been developed into a form of much greater pretension, the fairy comedy. In poetic expression, depth of feeling, and delineation of character, *The Palace of Truth* far exceeds, and in delicacy of wit quite equals, any production of the elder master. Planché touched only the follies of the age, and that lightly and laughingly; Gilbert has lashed both folly and vice with a whip of steel; yet his cynicism is only for the shams of the world, it never falls upon anything that is noble and truthful.

Burlesque has been killed partly by its own extreme license, partly by the great falling-off in the *artistes*, and partly by the new favourite *Opera Bouffe*. For, although it still flourishes in one theatre, it is now as out of date as the old melodrama it once so felicitously ridiculed.

H. BARTON BAKER



**COLEBRIDGE AND CLEVEDON.**—Admirers of Coleridge will probably be glad to learn that the hill at the back of Coleridge's cottage, whence there is a splendid view both over the adjacent parts of Somerset and also over the Bristol Channel, is to be set apart as a garden. It was on this hill, and overlooking this lovely scene of field and sea, that the poet composed several of his most beautiful pieces and sonnets.

**THE BRITISH LAND COMPANY.**—The twenty-fourth annual meeting of this Association will be held at Cannon Street Hotel on the 27th of February.

**THE SCARCITY OF WINTER BIRDS.**—The winter of 1879-80 will certainly be remembered for the scarcity of fieldfares, redwings, and other customary visitants from the North. The reason for this scarcity does not seem to be far to seek. Scientists tell us that there is no such thing as cold; only relative degrees of absence of heat. Now, as the "absence of heat" in France has been greater than in England, so in some weeks England has compared at a disadvantage with Sweden and Norway. Birds have found no increase of heat in their southward flight. Numbers, doubtless, have persisted on their journey; many others have turned back, only a forlorn hope has struggled on to reach the grey rocks of our northern coasts, and find the cold of Siberia within a moderate parallel of the temperate zone. At Christmastide in Christiania, the capital of Norway, the temperature was, we have been informed, several degrees warmer than in London.

**FISHING.**—The season has now been "open" for three weeks, but sport has been indifferent. The rivers are now rising, but they have been very low. Salmon disease is still very prevalent. Two bull trout were recently caught in the Thames close by Waterloo Bridge.

**PROMISES OF A FRUIT YEAR.**—Christmas on a Thursday promises a good fruit year, and so should a wasp on the wing in February, as was seen in Scotland a few days since. Last year wasps were very scarce, and so was fruit.

**THE DEVON COUNTY AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.**—This Society has been fortunate in securing as its President the Duke of Somerset, a nobleman whose experience and recollections of agricultural progress is almost unsurpassed, and who only six weeks ago published a notable political work showing that age had in no wise diminished his interest in, or appreciation of, popular and passing events.

**SHEEP DISEASE.**—The "bane" or "fluke" disease to which we have recently alluded in this column appears, from the fresh accounts which every day brings in, to approach the importance of a national calamity. In the Midland and Western counties the loss has been greatest, but the disease is not unknown in any but the hilliest parts of the country. To put the number of sheep which have died of fluke since the beginning of the year at 100,000 would certainly be a minimum estimate, for in Somersetshire alone there have been 50,000 deaths reported in two months. In Warwickshire, Oxfordshire, and Gloucestershire at least equal losses have been sustained. In Kent we have heard of 7s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. per head being made for the dead sheep; but in the West 3s. 6d. to 5s. is a more usual price. Taking 6s. as an average price obtained in the country, this is a loss of something like 90 per cent. to the stock-owning farmer.

**CATTLE DISEASE.**—It is some slight satisfaction to be able to place after the above paragraph a note on the complete success of Government regulations for extirpating cattle disease. What croakers said would take ten years to do has been practically effected in less than two. The vigilant watch kept at the ports, the embargo laid on cattle from infected countries, and the excellence of the Privy Council regulations are the causes to which we must attribute the cessation of the scourge.

**CHERTSEY CATTLE FAIR.**—This important early fair was well attended, and there was a good show of annuals. Steers, heifers, and calves fetched low prices, dairying cows in full milk rather better rates, but were not at all dear. Heavy draught horses were easily sold, but inferior animals could not be disposed of. The pigs were in fair request, and fetched a fair price. The prevalence of sheep-rot rendered the show of ewes, &c., extremely poor.

**THE AGE OF SHOW CATTLE.**—The Highland and Agricultural Society have decided that the dates of calving of cattle exhibited at their shows shall be calculated from the 1st of December, instead of from the 1st of January, but that this alteration shall not commence before the Stirling Show in 1881.—It is a question whether the Royal Agricultural Society of England would not be acting wisely in adopting the same date as their friends across the Border. The present date, 1st July, is extremely late.

**HONEY.**—From a statement in an American agricultural paper it would appear that a peculiar dark and heavy honey, which now and then finds its way to market, is the product of the humble bee. This honey remains limpid much longer than ordinary honey, is of a milder flavour, and to many persons is said to be particularly palatable and pleasant in taste.

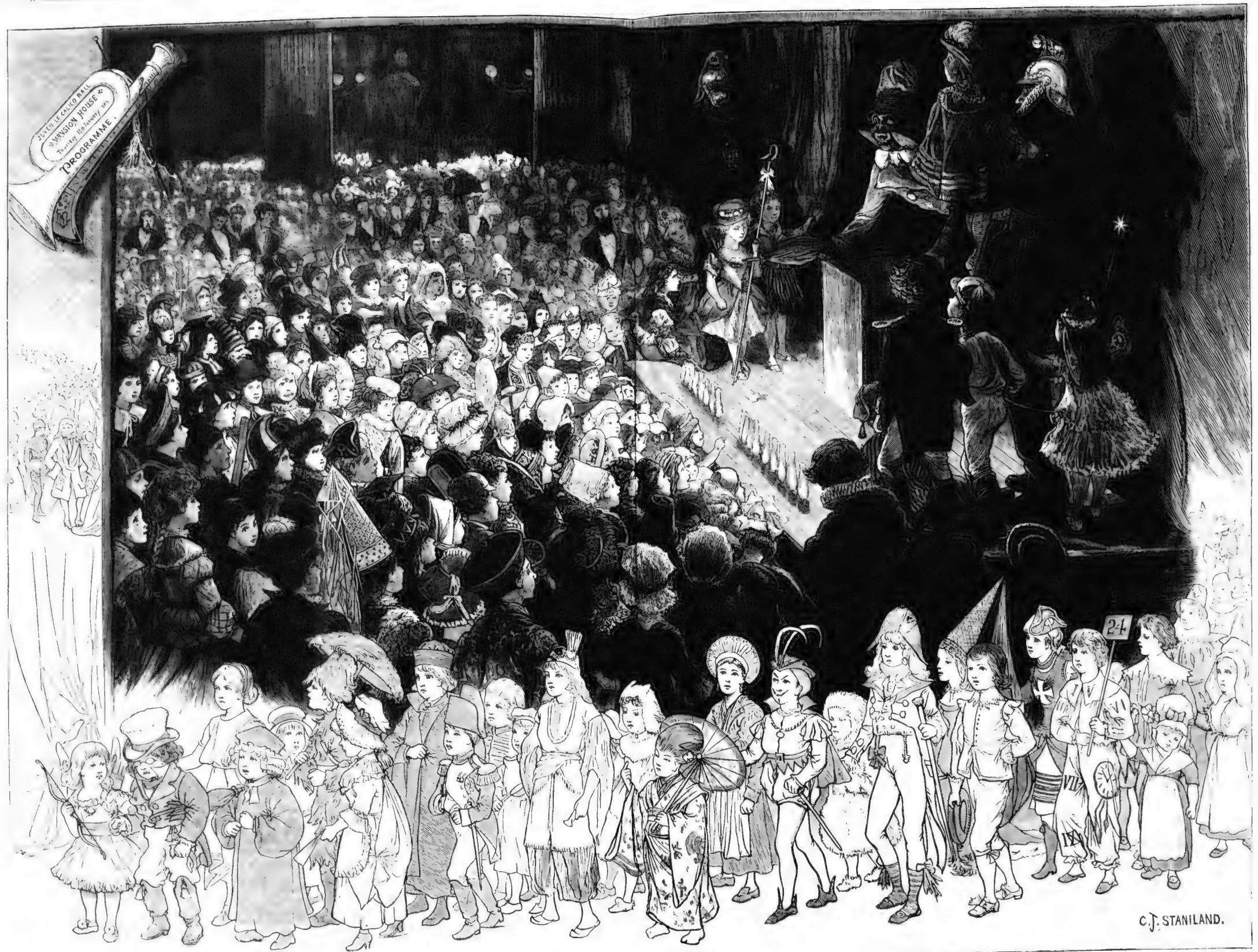
**THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.**—This good old society needs at the present time a special amount of support. Owing to the severe distress prevailing among agriculturists eighty new pensioners are to be admitted at the election of the 16th of June, on which occasion we hope that the chairman will be able to announce a material increase in the amount of subscriptions and gifts.

### THE DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND

**THE DEAN OF CLIFDEN.**—The Dean of Clifden, before going out in the morning, takes the precaution to turn all his cash available for charitable purposes into bronze coinage. He is always surrounded by a crowd of children during his travels; he gives to each a few pence, well knowing the state of the home larder in each case. The little "Pattlanders," as he calls them, are never "sent empty away," and a kind word always accompanies the little gift.

The nearest station to Clifden is at Galway, a distance of about forty miles, and this journey must be accomplished on an outside car. I saw a passenger take his departure one morning for America. A crowd of his friends came to wish him "God speed," many of them envying him his good luck in being able to get off to the land of plenty. He shouted at the top of his voice, "God bless poor ould Ireland" all along the street, and the women wailed in their piteous manner, running after the car as fast as they could.

Respectable people, desperately poor at all times, but still able to exist without charitable help, are now reduced to begging for the means of keeping body and soul together. While in the little Post Office one Saturday evening an old man's face, haggard and famine-stricken, appeared at the door. The poor old fellow asked the Postmaster, the tears running down his face, for a little help. He was a basket maker, I was told, and earned fourpence a day. His aged wife was dying of consumption in a wretched hovel a few yards



C. J. STANILAND.

A CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE

from where we stood. I saw the place, it was miserable in the extreme, standing in a deep hollow, surrounded by wet swampy ground.

I had heard of an evicted family living under a cart upturned against an old wall, and went in search of this improvised dwelling and its inmates. I found, however, that they had been reinstated in their old home. We saw the mother sitting in a cabin entirely devoid of anything in the shape of furniture, nursing an idiot child. She had a look of utter despair on her face.

Close at hand was the hut depicted in the sketch, shaped like a beehive. It was tenanted by a family of four or five persons, who had lived there for eighteen months. The height inside could not have been more than three feet in the highest part. What little furniture they had, a clothes-chest (empty of clothes), and two or three other trifles were outside. The sea washed almost to the hole, about two feet high, which was the entrance. At night the family could merely crawl in and nestle among the straw and seaweed which were their only bed. The eldest daughter, a girl of eighteen, had died here a few months before. What a scene for dying eyes to close on! The poor creatures were respectably and neatly dressed, though how they managed to keep up personal cleanliness was to me a mystery. A few hundred yards further on we came across the hut of a poor fisherman, who had passed forty years of his life on a hole burrowed in the side of a hill. The inside dimensions were only large enough to admit the body of this wretched hermit.

J. R. BROWN



"DAIREEN," by F. Frankfort Moore (Smith and Elder).—Mr. Moore deserves ample credit for his power of invention. Rarely have we met with a novel so full of incident, and one which at the same time can by no possible means be construed into a "sensation" work. The tone is healthy, the dialogues bright and sparkling, the characters genial and life-like, and the whole story, if we except the improbable rescue of the shipwrecked traveller, just the every-day experiences of life told by a cultured actor in its busiest scenes. The impoverished "Irish King" is an amusing sketch, though we must confess to a feeling of irritation at the laboured manner in which Mr. Moore endeavours, and that not too successfully, to reproduce in English characters the brogue and the idioms of Munster. Daireen, the petted yet not spoilt child of a doting father, is a most loveable character. Her parent, too, is a powerfully-drawn man. Glaston, the aesthetically-inclined son of a Colonial Bishop, is a life-like specimen of the highly cultured modern school—a man whose soul has been educated to the standard of Old Blue Nankin. The Special Correspondent is an unusually favourable type of a class which does not count in its ranks men of the stamp here depicted. It is possible that the race is now being "educated" to a higher standard; but we opine that few *chaperones* would care to see their charges mix on terms of intimacy with these self-depicted heroes of modern warfare. The book is eminently readable.

We can scarcely say the same for "Called to the Rescue," by Anna Drury (Bentley and Son). It has been our lot to wade through many thousand leagues of printed matter, good, bad, and indifferent, and even in the worst attempts at novel-writing we have generally been enabled to extract a few grains of good seed indicative of a better harvest in some coming year. In "Called to the Rescue" we have found none of these things. Good resolutions, steady perseverance, a kindly disposition have all been swept away by the perusal, or rather attempted perusal, of these weary volumes. Miss Drury's *forte* is not novel-writing.

"Sir John" (Hurst and Blackett) is a charming little novel. The author has studied life thoroughly, and has as thoroughly succeeded in reproducing her studies. Catherine, the affianced love of the poor sailor, who throws him over for the wealthy baronet, is a veritable Becky Sharpe, though she scarcely possesses the powers of attraction of Thackeray's heroine. The tale of homely Scotch life is pleasantly told, and none the less truly depicted are the scenes in wealthier London. The selfish old baronet, the worldly clergyman, ever ready to pour verses into the ears of sympathetic damsels, the honest, sweet-tempered niece, and the straightforward cousin who wins her love, are all clearly drawn, carefully thought-out characters. The author has evidently bestowed much time and labour on the book; there is nothing slipshod in it from beginning to end, and she has achieved what she deserves—success.

Mr. Charles Quentin is an author of a certain status; at intervals he casts upon the world novels of various types, all fringing the sensational; but in "Through the Storm" he has given us one of worst specimens of a sensation novel it has been our fortune to meet for some time. The hero, a despicable young artist, without one redeeming feature in face and character, meanness and black-guardism stamped indelibly on his manners and his person, without even the outward appearance of a gentleman, contrives on two occasions to entrap guileless girls into secret marriages, and then endeavours to induce them to sacrifice their virtue in order that his expensive tastes may be gratified by their wealthy lovers. The subsidiary hero is a dreamy Communist, an Englishman, who sinks his insular pride, and joins the *canaille* of Paris in the destruction of the fairest city of the world. We have a vague idea that this scoundrel Clinton is intended to be a god-like personage; his attempts to seduce Nellie (the loyal wife of the miserable Gerald Mar) under the guise of religion are on a par with his impassioned appeals on behalf of King Mob against King Law. A novel which has for its heroes Communists and seducers is not redeemed by skilful sketches of weak though loyal women. Mr. Quentin draws his women with much tenderness and good feeling; he is capable of writing a far better work than this, and we regret that this should have gone forth under the protection of his name.



KENT is such a lovely county that one does not need Pickwickiana to make a walking tour through its hop gardens and cheery villages thoroughly enjoyable. Nevertheless we are grateful to Mr. Thomas Frost for his "In Kent with Charles Dickens" (Tinsley Bros.). He gives us a little too much, perhaps, of Pip at Gravesend, and the love-lorn Tupman at Cobham, and David Copperfield and Edwin Drood at Rochester; but he also reminds us how much quaint old-world flavour there still is even in such a Cockneyfied district as Thanet. Of course, he is lucky, as such writers always are. Thus, at Bossenden Wood he meets an eye-witness of the strange John Thom or Sir W. Courtenay tragedy (a history which shows that the labourer forty years ago had got very little ahead of the Middle Ages); at Rainham he foregatherers with a tramp who has a real grievance against the Game Laws; at Margate he lodges with an old smuggler, one of whose tales he recasts into an imitation of the tales in "Pickwick." To our thinking, these tales of his spoil what would otherwise have been an interesting *vade-mecum* for a country too generally assumed to be commonplace. Another of Mr. Frost's weaknesses is the use of fine phrases; "a son of Crispin," "the pictorian weed," and such like are unworthy the man who can enjoy

the queer old print of "the stopper stopped," and knows the difference between the brave "Men of Kent," who stood against Norman William in Swanscombe Wood, and the poorer spirited "Kentish men" who lived east of the Medway.

Those who think it quite a simple matter to guard house or church against lightning should read Mr. Richard Anderson's "Lightning Conductors: their History, Nature, and Mode of Application" (Spon, Charing Cross and New York).—They will find that an insufficient conductor, or one of which the earth-contact is insidious rubbish or into an earthenware (*i.e.*, non-conducting) drain-pipe, instead of into water or moist earth, is worse than useless. The number of public buildings which have been struck, inspite of their being provided with "common conductors," makes Mr. Anderson's list quite alarming. No conductor should be insulated from the building; and to ensure safety against possible lateral discharges of electricity, not only should conductors project from the elevated points, but the chief angles should also be outlined with conducting wire, the making of which has been perfected in the manufacture of wire-cables. Mr. Anderson gives a diagram of a barn which was set on fire in spite of a good lightning-rod, because the vapour from the hay formed a path along which a lateral flash travelled. The earth-connection, however, is the all-important thing: "the alpha and omega of lightning protection." Mr. Anderson notes the wholly unprotected state of some of our finest buildings, *e.g.*, St. George's Chapel, the Belfry Tower at Windsor, and a good many cathedrals. Conductors, however, he argues, are of little use without competent inspectors. The historical part of the book is very complete, taking us from Franklin's various predecessors to Sir W. Snow Harris, and from him to the latest inventors in France and America, and to Mr. R. S. Newall of Gateshead among ourselves.

"Anglers' Evenings: Papers by Members of the Manchester Anglers' Association" (Heywood, Manchester; Simpkin, Marshall and Co., London), deal with a variety of subjects. There is a very pleasant account of a fishing trip to Norway by the President, Colonel Mawson, telling not only about trout, but about rocks from 2,000 to 5,000 feet high, rising sheer out of water deep enough to float the biggest ship in the world. There are notes on Sutherland, and on the Derbyshire Wye and the Wensleydale Yore (we think we must visit Middleham Shaw and Aysgarth Falls), and on sea-fishing off the Isle of Man. There is a lively essay by Mr. F. J. Faraday on "The Mind of Fishes," which must not be judged of by their actions, for what could men's minds do for them were their bodies cased up in sacks? There is also "An Intercepted Letter" from an angler's (unsympathising) wife, describing a wet week in a Highland inn; and there are several pieces of poetry on which we would rather not pass an opinion. Mr. E. Corbett's "Angling in the Irwell" tells how, about 1819, there used to be shoals of gudgeon at the New Bailey (now Albert) Bridge. By and by gas tar killed them, as it killed the famous Warrington salmon. Mr. Corbett has seen the river so covered with gas tar that no real water-surface was visible. When gas tar ceased to be unsaleable the river was less polluted, and the fish began to show—amongst them the "graining" (*Leuciscus Lancastriensis*). Much, however, remains to be done. Cotton waste and soap refuse are now used up; but dyes and metallic and chemical refuse, ashes, and above all sewage, are still thrown in. The waste of sewage Mr. Corbett estimates at a million a year. The Irwell scenery is as beautiful as ever; but what a century ago was a picturesque river-way is now an open drain. Still Mr. Corbett is hopeful—much more hopeful than Mr. Ruskin.

It is enough to say that the fresh instalment of "Conversations with Distinguished Persons During the Second Empire, by the late Nassau William Senior" (Hurst and Blackett), is at least as interesting as the two volumes published in 1878. Everybody will regret to hear that nothing more remains to be published except the Egyptian and Algerian journals. In 1863 began the illness which terminated fatally a year later. We cannot quite agree with Mrs. Simpson in lamenting that there is in these volumes so little of her father's political opinions. She quotes from Bacon to the effect that "the honourable part of Talke is to give the occasion." This Mr. Senior certainly does; his deliberate way with these Frenchmen is as amusing as their ready response to his questions. One sometimes wonders whether they knew he was "takin' notes," and whether Englishmen or Americans would have talked as freely. He lets us see what he thought on most subjects; but his chief aim is to set before us the thoughts of others—to show us France as it was under Napoleon III., not from one point of view only, but from many; just as if in the multitude of counsellors was to be found not wisdom, perhaps, but truth. With this view he became temporary Boswell to all the leading men in French society, discussing the clergy with Count Kergolay, Napoleon's designs on Catalonia with Corcelle, the *Coup d'Etat* with Odilon Barrot, the Italian war with Changarnier, the Crimean War with Randon, and the Carbonari with A. B. C., one of the very few still surviving (and therefore unnamed) interlocutors. Among the other talkers are Lamartine, Cousin, Guizot, Thiers, Beaumont, Lord Clyde, Zamyski, Trochu, Renan, Drouyn de l'Huys, Slidell and other Americans, and Madame Cornu, playfellow of Louis Napoleon in his boyhood. Throughout the volumes we are reminded of "quot homines tot sententiae." On such a surface matter, for instance, as Louis Napoleon's courage, we find Changarnier denying it *in toto*: "he showed the white feather both at Strasburg and Boulogne; at Magenta he never crossed the Ticino, at Solferino he never moved nor gave an order, but smoked fifty-three cigars; and one of the Swiss Guard, wrote to his mother, 'Don't be afraid, I'm with him, and therefore out of danger.' On the other hand Lord Clyde heard from Vinois that at Magenta the Emperor was under fire for some time, and calmly said, "At the worst *nous mourrons en soldat*," while at Solferino the danger was even greater. Montalembert's opinion of his countrymen is worth quoting—"they almost make me a misanthrope. They must be governed only through their bad or their servile passions. They are hounds. They enjoy nothing but a hunt, and respect nothing but a whip." Mrs. Simpson's travel notes are helpful; we wish she had also given an index of names.

"The Reader's Handbook of Allusions, References, Plots, and Stories," by the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D. (Chatto and Windus), meets a want which nearly every one, even of the thoroughly educated, must often have felt. It would, indeed, require a colossal memory to dispense with the less commonplace parts of Dr. Brewer's compilation. We should like to know, for instance, how many Oxford and Cambridge M.A.'s know anything of Julius Bertram, whose forgery of Richard of Cirencester's *De Situ Britanniae* was exposed, we are told, by J. E. Mayor, and is commented on (some of us remember) in Mr. Hill Burton's "Scotland?" Of course there are omissions, though the author of "The Guide to Science" has gained a title for thoroughness. The analyses of popular poems, plays, and novels, will help to supply gaps in early reading; while references like "Citizen-King, *i.e.*, Louis Philippe," will enable the rising generation to understand allusions which for us need no explanation. Such a mixture of the trite and the recondite has rarely been seen. Tarquin and Lake Regillus every schoolboy ought to know all about; but Scogan's jest, and the miracle by which St. John of Beverley assured Athelstan of the lordship of Scotland, will be new to most readers, and will make them feel that Dr. Brewer has skimmed the cream of many volumes of *Notes and Queries*.

Into 460 small octavo pages Messrs. Oliver and Boyd have compressed a vast amount of information about the geography of the world. Their "Pronouncing Gazetteer, Descriptive and Statistical,

with Etymological Notices," seems to us as complete as such a compendium can be. True, it omits Lisoona varna, the Irish Harrogate, to which Dublin doctors are always anxious to tempt would-be absentees; nor does it notice Hinba, which the *Cornhill* tells us is more interesting than Iona. But these out-of-the-way places may reasonably be left to the tourist. We must, however, protest against the omission of Minster in Thanet from the same page which gives Milton of Duniface, and Millerhill, Milnathort, and other Scotch villages. The work is brought down to the latest date, and gives Ulundi, Rorke's Drift, &c. The price is wonderfully low, 5s., or 6s. 6d. with the Atlas of thirty-two very clear double-page maps.

"London Society at Home," by George Du Maurier (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.).—Here we have a reproduction from *Punch* of upwards of sixty of this favourite artist's sketches. Everybody has probably seen them before, as they appeared weekly; and yet everybody will be pleased to see them again in this handsome volume. It is just the book for the drawing-room table when conversation flags, or, better still, when an affectionate pair desire to withdraw themselves somewhat from the rest of the company. Fashionable society is somewhat unmercifully satirised in these pages, and yet it will laugh merrily enough at its own mimic reflection. The title which Mr. Du Maurier has chosen compelled him to restrict himself to the sayings and doings of "the Upper Ten," otherwise a selection from the multitude of other drawings with which he has for years past enlivened the pages of *Punch* would have lent a little more diversity to what is nevertheless a most entertaining tome.

In "The Early Teutonic, Italian, and French Masters" (Chatto and Windus), Mr. A. H. Keane, M.A.I., has given us a well-chosen selection from the series of "Medieval and Modern Art and Artists" which, under the able editorship of Dr. Dohme, the well-known librarian of Emperor William, has attracted so much attention in Teutonic Art circles,—each epoch, and, indeed, in many cases each artist, being treated by a specialist well versed in his particular style and works. Of course Mr. Keane's book is in no way a complete translation, as such a ponderous undertaking does not come within the scope of the work, but it nevertheless gives an admirable summary of the rise and development of Teutonic Art from the time of Einhart, through the various generations of the Minster builders, that hardworking fraternity to which Gothic Art owes so much, to St. Bernward of Hildesheim, Martin Schongauer, the numerous "Little Masters," and Albert Dürer. Branching off to the early Flemish and Dutch masters, Mr. Keane begins at once with the Brothers van Eyck, and leads the reader through Van Leyden, Quentin Matsys, and Terboch, as our old friend Terburg is now designated. In the chapters devoted to the above masters, the chief characteristics of each are depicted and brought to the front manifestly by loving hands, and will prove of the highest interest to all those who care for the staid, matter-of-fact, and intensely realistic Art productions of the northern painters; but when we come to the warmer and more imaginative idealism of the Southern nations, the subject is hardly as sympathetically treated; ideas seem to flow more slowly, and Vasari, that versatile artist and biographer, is freely drawn upon. Masaccio and Lippi are fairly dealt with, but Sandro Botticelli, the darling of the Florentines, meets with comparatively short shrift, though more space is certainly devoted to Mantegna, Fra Bartolommeo, and Andrea del Sarto. Of the French school, Poussin, Le Brun, his great rival, Mignard, and Claude Lorraine are given. The book, is admirably and bountifully illustrated, and is a true *edition de luxe*, but, apart from this, deserves the attention of all art students, and is by no means too dry or technical for the general reader.

"The Year's Art," by Marcus B. Huish, LL.B. (Macmillan), as the new Art reference book is called, contains valuable information concerning the London and provincial museums, Art galleries, clubs, societies, charities, and sales of the past year. After a summary of the interesting and complicated copyright question, it finally winds up with an artist's directory, in which we are sorry to see that Mr. Joseph Nash, whose address is correctly stated, is spoken of as "the late." The editor has probably confused him with his father, who died recently. The book will be an acquisition to those who have difficulty in ascertaining the "sending-in" time of the various galleries, and its general information will be useful and interesting to anybody connected with or taking an interest in Art.

**BABY OUT-BOARDERS.**—One's mind's-eye picture of a pauper takes the shape either of an old man or woman, feeble and bent-backed and clothed in grey shoddy, or a sturdy and more or less refractory stone-breaker or oakum-picker, able-bodied, and unwillingly earning a parish loaf under the jealous eye of the taskmaster. It too unfrequently occurs to an unthinking public that our workhouse asylums for the destitute must necessarily include a large number of little children, who, of course, are wholly irresponsible for the state of pauperism into which, owing to the fault or the misfortune of their parents, they are plunged, to take their chance under the fostering care of Mr. Bumble. It will perhaps astonish most people to be told that the poor little waifs in question reach the formidable total of twelve thousand, and it would be both instructive and interesting could it be ascertained what per-cent of this number remain during their lives paupers—confirmed or intermittent. That very many are so affected there can be no doubt. There is a taint in the atmosphere of a workhouse which makes it impossible to breathe it for any length of time without detriment to that free and independent spirit which is the life of the nation, and it would be futile to assume that children of tender age are exempt from the baneful influence. No child is so shrewd as that born in and accustomed to the ways of poverty. Cribbed and confined in a pauper ward, its young mind can no more expand and put forth healthful shoots than a potted plant can grow apace and bloom in a back-street dingy kitchen. As soon as it is old enough to observe and listen, and make mental notes, the workhouse child takes but one lesson thoroughly to heart, and that is how to accommodate itself to such a condition of things as will secure it the fullest allowance of parochial privileges. It is to mitigate this highly unsatisfactory feature of Poor Law Government that the Society for the Promotion of the Boarding-Out of Pauper Children was inaugurated several years since, and it is cheering to find by the Society's recently published report that success is steadily attending its efforts. Its system is to find homes for the much-to-be-pitied little paupers in the humble abodes of labouring men, chiefly in agricultural districts, the pay for "board" varying from three to four shillings a week, with thirty shillings a year for clothing. This appears to be considerably less than the average cost of a child's keep in a workhouse, and the advantages—of course under vigilant supervision—are many. It is better for the child's health, better for the training of its mind, better for its prospects of becoming, male or female, a labourer worthy of its hire for whatever capacity in life it may be fitted. In short, a youngster so out-boarded has the same opportunities for achieving a respectable position as any member of the worthy family in the midst of which he is planted, and so much can scarcely be said for the unfortunate child of the "Union," who starts in life as a pauper 'prentice, and can hardly be expected to shed his workhouse nature with its livery which he takes off on the day he takes on himself the responsibilities enumerated in his indenture. At Leeds especially the boarding-out system seems to have worked well, and recently the Society, encouraged by its success, has erected on Epsom Downs a sufficient number of cottage homes, on the Mettray model, to accommodate nearly seven hundred children.

## EAU DE SUEZ — VACCINE DE LA BOUCHE.

WILCOX and CO., Chemists, Sole Agents, 336, Oxford Street, London.



VACCINE DE LA BOUCHE.

**HELAS ! hélas ! chose douloureuse**  
à dire ! lorsqu'il s'agit de la plus belle moitié du  
corps humain : quand les dents sont cariées, la pureté de  
l'haleine laisse à désirer ! Eh bien ! la divine EAU  
DE SUEZ s'est donnée pour mission de supprimer les  
maux de dents, de maintenir les dents intactes et  
blanches, et d'assurer, jour et nuit, la pureté de l'haleine !



**MES** enfants n'auront jamais à  
souffrir des maux de dents ou de l'impureté de  
l'haleine. . . Je les ai fait vacciner contre la variole ;  
de même, par l'emploi quotidien de l'EAU DE SUEZ,  
je les préserve à tout jamais des maladies de la bouche  
ou de la gorge, du croup, du scorbut, &c.



SUPPRESSION DE LA DOULEUR.

**L'EAU DE SUEZ** terrassant l'odontalgie.  
Il y a trois sortes d'EAU DE SUEZ, se distinguant par des fils de soie de  
couleurs variées.

L'EAU DE SUEZ, fil jaune, supprime instantanément la rage de dents la plus



VACCINE DE LA BOUCHE  
A la divine EAU DE SUEZ les remerciements  
de l'humanité

Un mal qui répand la terreur,  
Mal que le ciel, en sa fureur,  
Envoi pour punir les crimes de la terre.  
L'horrible mal de dents a trouvé son dompteur, son Jenner ! Qui n'a souffert, sinon  
de terribles rages, au moins de douleurs, d'éclancements ? Désormais, l'odontalgie  
est vaincu ; grâce à l'EAU DE SUEZ, personne ne souffrira plus : les mâchoires de  
ébranlées se rebâtiront et la génération à venir ne connaîtra jamais les maladies de  
la bouche.



SUPPRESSION DU MAL

LE mal terassé, voulez-vous l'empêcher de jamais  
reparaître ! Employez l'EAU DE SUEZ, fil vert. Et vous qui jusqu'à  
présent avez été préservés, voulez-vous conserver vos dents intactes et blanches ?  
Faites usage du fil rouge !



TOUJOURS cette senteur JE ne puis souffrir cette  
de cigarettes ! horrible odeur de tabac que vous  
Renoncez au tabac, mon cher, ou apportez avec vous. . . Ah ! si le  
épargnez-moi vos visites ! divorce était rétabli ! . . .

Inutile d'en venir à ces extrémités . . . une lotion d'EAU DE SUEZ et toute  
odeur de tabac disparaît !



O MON ami ! gardez-en quelque  
peu pour corriger les emanations de vos cigares.



AMOUR ET RÉALISME.

O MA bien aimée ! vous avez quel-  
ques dents menacées par la Carie . . . je  
mettrai quelques flacons d'EAU DE SUEZ dans la  
corbeille, pour conserver à jamais la suavité de votre  
haleine !



TROP TARD !

Les victimes du dentier et des osanores d'hippopotame !  
Ah ! si nous avions connu l'EAU DE SUEZ !

## EAU DE SUEZ.

(For Extracts of the Parisian Press see page 206 of this Number and the Daily Papers.)

THE ONLY DENTIFRICE WHICH HAS SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF HOW TO PRESERVE THE TEETH, AND IS THEREFORE THE ONLY THING WHICH WILL IMMEDIATELY AND PERMANENTLY PUT A STOP TO TOOTHACHE.

APPROVED AND RECOMMENDED BY THE MOST EMINENT PRACTITIONERS.

EAU DE SUEZ immediately and permanently cures TOOTHACHE, whitens and preserves the TEETH, removes all UNPLEASANT ODOURS, including that of TOBACCO, and secures a pure and healthy state of the GUMS, MOUTH, and THROAT. There are three kinds, distinguished from each other by a YELLOW, GREEN, and RED SILK THREAD.

THE YELLOW THREAD instantly removes TOOTHACHE, however violent it may be. Add a teaspoonful to half a tumblerful of lukewarm water; mix well, fill the mouth with this mixture, and keep it in as long as possible. If the tooth is hollow, dip a small piece of cotton wool in the liquid pure, and apply to the cavity. When the pain is entirely removed, use the EAU DE SUEZ with a GREEN THREAD as a daily dentifrice, and the pain will never return.

The GREEN THREAD must be used as a daily mouth wash. Those who suffer periodically from Toothache, sensitiveness of the teeth and gums, decay, and offensive breath, will be ENTIRELY RELIEVED and NEVER SUFFER AGAIN, by using ten or twelve drops in a wineglass of water, to rinse the mouth well night and morning.

The RED THREAD is used in the same manner as the Green, but is specially adapted for Children and those having sound teeth, who wish to preserve them, and always be free from TOOTHACHE.

Besides the foregoing articles, there are others equally useful for the health and cleanliness of the mouth and body, viz.: — The SUEZ TOOTH BRUSH.—This Brush is soft, being made of the finest Badger Hair. A hard tooth-brush is not only a foolish, but also a criminal instrument, so to speak. For, by rubbing a soft substance like the gums with a hard brush, the former will evidently become spongy and weakened, thus being no longer of any use in protecting the roots of the teeth, which naturally become exposed, and impart an offensive smell to the breath.

THE ORANGE TOOTH PASTE OF SUEZ secures the permanent removal of Tartar, and by daily use restores the whiteness of the teeth. A pot of this Tooth Paste will last six months or more.

The "pulling out" of painful teeth is an exceedingly foolish practice, besides being a cruel, dangerous, and useless operation. A man may as well have his big toe amputated because he feels in it the first touch of Gout. Is it not evident that the Gout would then attack the opposite foot, and all the other articulations of the body in succession, as fast as the painful ones were removed ?

The cause of Toothache, as well as Gout, is the vitiated humours which we all have in our constitutions. The EAU DE SUEZ effects a permanent cure of Toothache, because it prevents those vitiated humours from invading the roots of the teeth.

The EXTRAIT CONCENTRÉ DE VINAIGRE LACTÉ DE SUEZ, is an excellent Toilet Vinegar, in a concentrated form, prepared expressly for Ladies use. It preserves the skin in a healthy condition, preventing heat and sunburn in summer, chaps and roughness in winter, and imparting a delicate and lasting perfume to the whole body. Mix half a bottle with two tumblerfuls of pure water ; shake well, and the mixture will assume a milky appearance. For immediate use, mix a tablespoonful of this mixture with a tumblerful of water.

It is necessary when ordering EAU DE SUEZ to state clearly the distinctive colour of the Thread of the kind required.

To guard against Counterfeiting, buy only those Bottles which are marked on the labels —

SOLE AGENTS —

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YELLOW THREAD	28. 9d.	WILCOX & CO., and through all Chemists.
RED THREAD	33. od.	
ORANGE TOOTH PASTE	45. od.	
CONCENTRATED TOILET VINEGAR	45. od.	
ORANGE TOOTH POWDER	25. od.	
SUEZ TOOTH BRUSHES, 15. 6d. each.		

One Package of either of these Preparations Given gratis upon order of Half-a-Dozen, thus effecting a Saving of more than 15 per Cent.



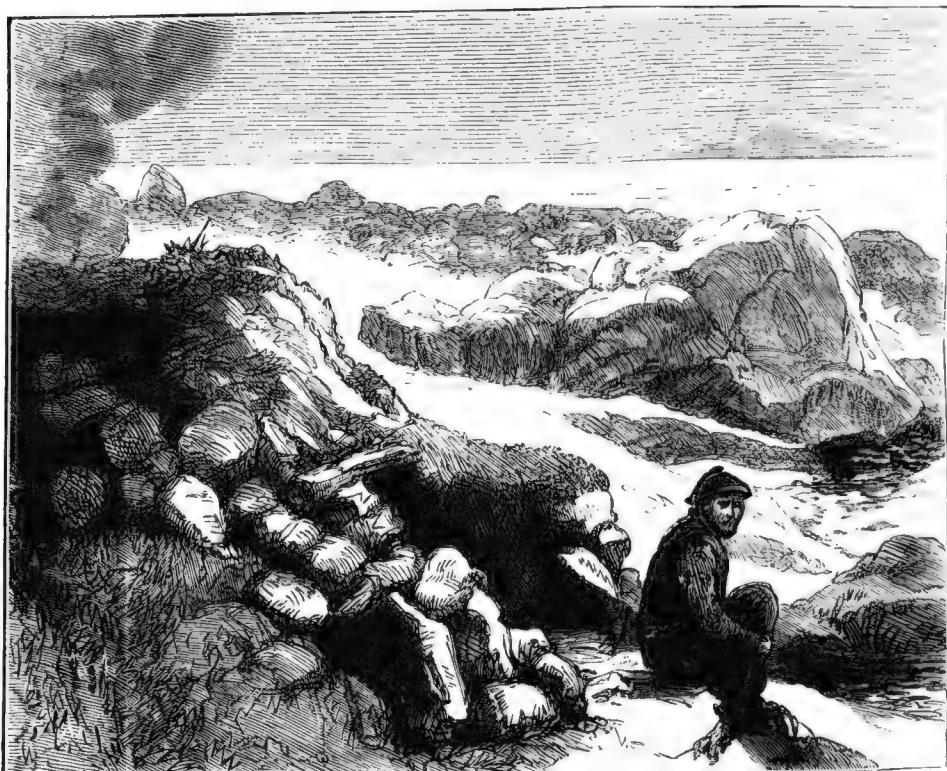
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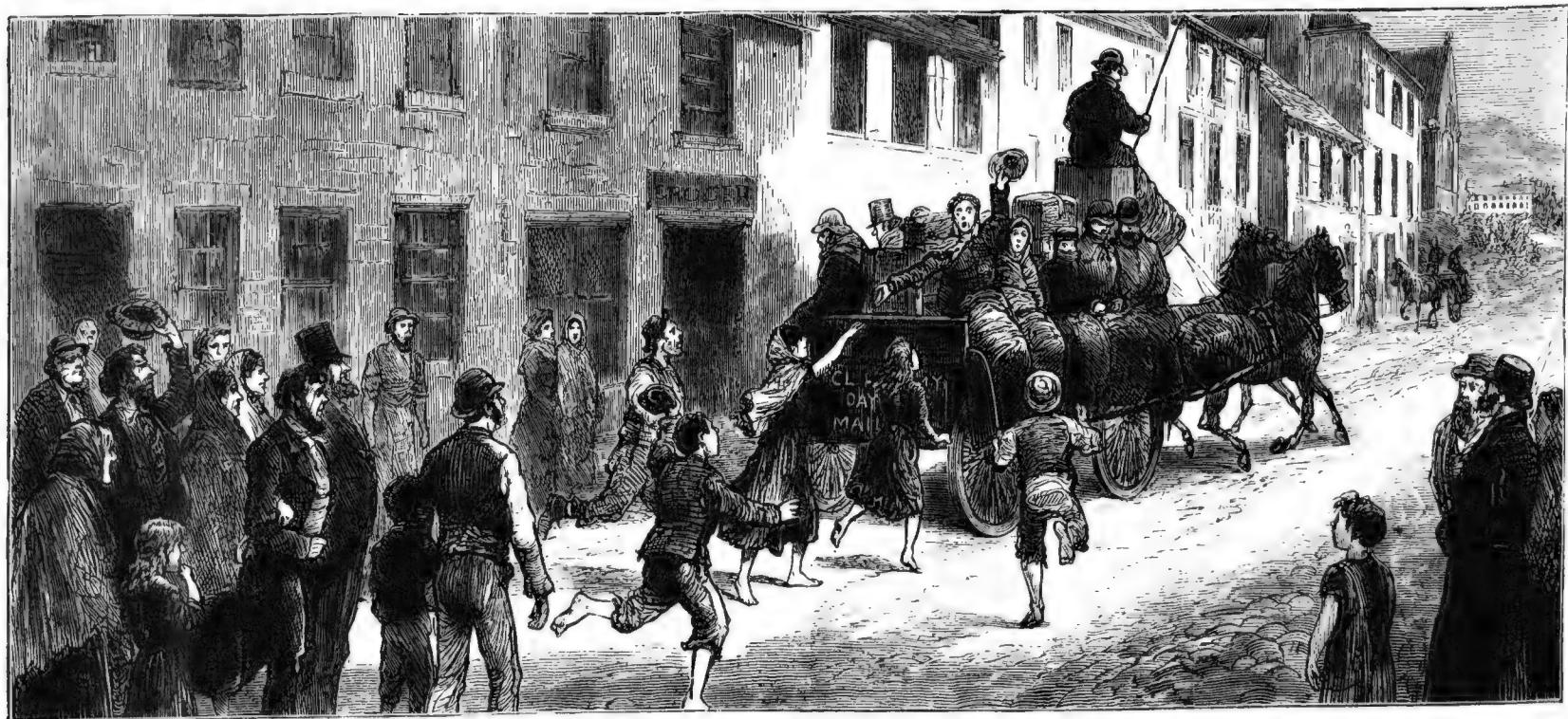
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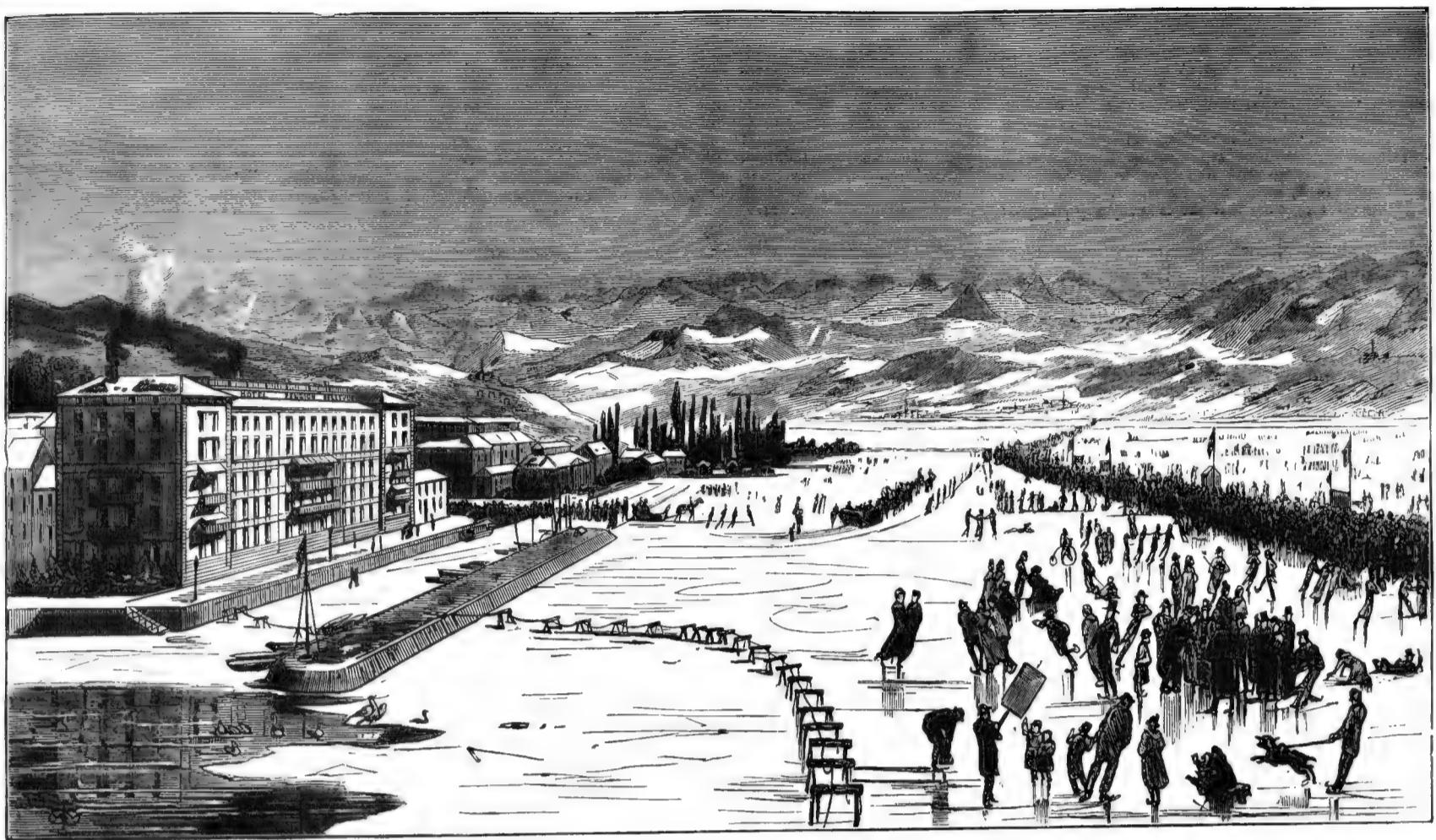
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A FISHERMAN'S HOME NEAR SLYNE HEAD



GOOD BYE TO OULD IRELAND—OFF TO AMERICA



THE SEVERE WEATHER IN SWITZERLAND—THE LAKE OF ZURICH

THE LATE MR. EGERTON (THE MANAGER)



THE RUINS OF THE INTERIOR AFTER THE FIRE

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN

Since then she had met them again, and given them more money to keep her secret, and altogether she had stolen 20*l.*

**THE DEATH OF MISS MCLEAN.**—The trial of James Lewis Paine, for the wilful murder of Miss McLean, was commenced on Monday, and had not concluded when we went to press. On the suggestion of the Attorney-General, who opened the prosecution, Fanny Matthews was acquitted in order that she might be called as a witness, and her evidence, taken at great length, tended to support the theory that Paine had deprived the deceased of proper food and forced her to take great quantities of ardent spirits. The discrepancy between her present statement and that given by her before the coroner she accounted for by saying that she now wishes to tell the truth, repudiating the suggestion that she is in any way prompted

by consideration for her own safety. A number of other witnesses have been examined.

**A NARROW ESCAPE FROM BEING BURIED ALIVE** is reported from Vevey, where the supposed corpse suddenly became conscious just as he was being placed in a hearse for conveyance to the cemetery. A Canadian at Ottawa, also, came to life in a similar way some three weeks ago. He had apparently died in one of the city hospitals from small-pox, and while the burial service was being conducted at the grave, groans were heard from the coffin. On the lid being removed the patient was found alive, and he is now in a fair way towards recovery.

#### BIRTH.

On the 16th ult., at 2, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, MARY FRENCE ALLEVYNE, the wife of SAMUEL CLARK, of a daughter.

#### DEATHS.

On the 15th inst., at his residence, Bramford House, Westfield Park, Bristol, CHARLES BRANWHITE, in his 63rd year.

On the 7th inst., at Harston, Cambridgeshire, LUCIA GOWLAND, aged 73, widow of JAMES GOWLAND, engraver, many years resident in the City of Paris.

**CASSELL'S Family MAGAZINE** for MARCH, price 7*d.*, contains—

MY NIGHT OF ADVENTURE IN NICOLAEFF. A TOWN OF CORAL FISHERS. THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS AND THE MINTY OF THE "BOUNTY." THE THREE ALPINE TUNNELS: ST. GOTTHARD AND SIMPLON. OUR FOUNDATION SCHOOLS. FROM CANDLES TO GAS. PASTEL-PAINTING, HINTS ON THE ART OF PLAIN ADVICE TO BRAIN WORKERS. GARDENING IN MARCH. HOW TO COOK A SUCKING-PIG. A STRANGE LONG-VOYAGER. WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. SPRING-TIME. Music and Words. THE GATHERER. HORACE MCLEAN. Serial Story. HIDDEN GOLD. Serial Story.

**THE MAGAZINE OF ART** for MARCH, price 7*d.*, contains—

"WIDOWED." BY FRANK HOLL, A.R.A. GROSVENOR GALLERY: WINTER EXHIBITION. IRISH SKETCHING GROUNDS. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. With Portrait and Two Illustrations.

OLD KEYS. With Five Engravings. THE YOUNG MOTHER. By L. BUSTI. ART NEEDLEWORK. With Four Illustrations.

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DECORATIVE ART. With Four Illustrations.

AN HOUR WITH THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. With Two Illustrations.

THE AWARD OF PRIZES IN THE FIRST ART PRIZE COMPETITION, and particulars of a SECOND PRIZE COMPETITION, will be found in the March Part.

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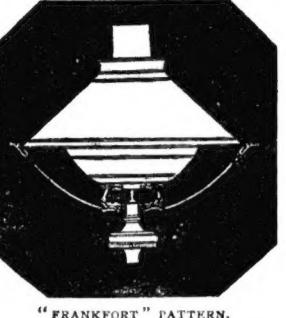
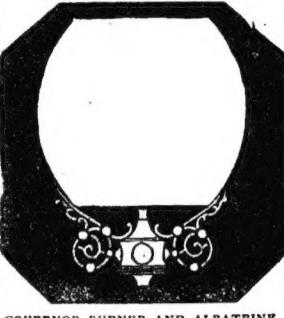
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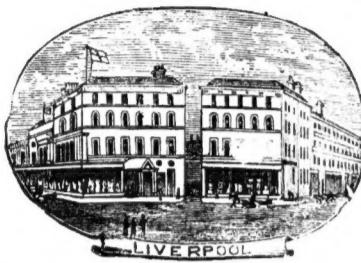
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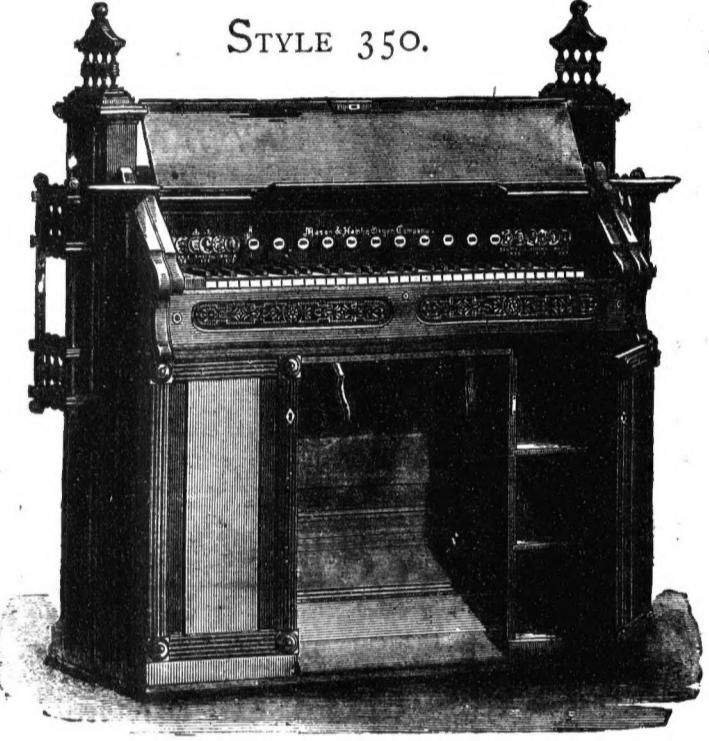
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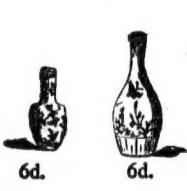
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